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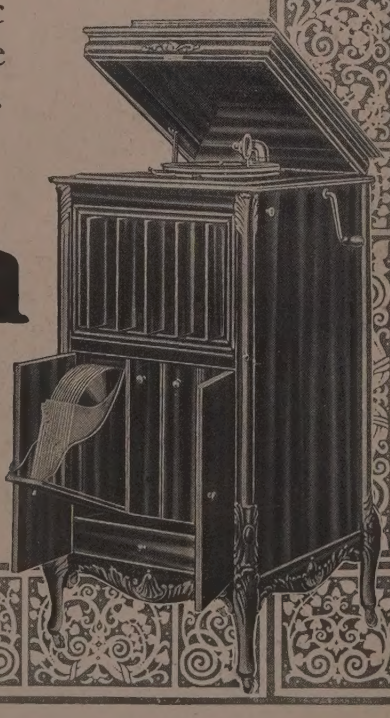

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Come around, Cyril, and see it. Great sport—pictures 'n everything.

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We asked Montrose J. Moses for a series on them—you know they're to be discussed this year by the Drama League—and the first paper appears in October.

These articles should be collected—they are valuable supplements to any course in American literature.

YOU think you know all about the players from watching them on the stage, but you don't.

I wonder how many theatregoers are aware that their footlight favorites have commercial interests apart from their professional career.

Did you know that Bob Edeson, the matinée idol, runs a public garage, and that May Irwin manages a hotel? Of course, you've heard that Lillian Russell has a beauty parlor, and that Hamilton Revelle is a professional photographer.

But there are others, too. Read all about them in the next issue.

WHO'S the one man in musical comedy that is neglected, absolutely ignored? You've heard how Sophie Starlight applies her make-up, what brand of cigarettes her leading man prefers.

But there's one man of whom you know nothing—the man who yields the baton. We'll tell you all about him in the next issue.

DON'T forget, we have a special offer for timid ones—four months for One Dollar.

If there's any chance of *her* not always being *it*—for better or worse someday—then don't send her a year's subscription.

Probably four months is enough.

But you know that best.

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ARTHUR HORNBLOW, EDITOR

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BILLIE BURKE

Photo Sarony

THE THEATRE

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

By BILLIE BURKE

EVER since I have had ears to hear, I have been told that, no matter what the circumstances, I must never, never contradict any statement printed in the newspapers. I therefore take up my pen this morning (it happens to be the morning of August 7th, my birthday,) with a sad conviction that in fulfilling the request of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE for a brief outline of my unimportant life, I am doomed to go wrong by contradicting the press in the very first paragraph.

Over and over again, I have read in the public prints that "Miss Billie Burke, who comes of an old theatrical family, was born in Washington, D. C., in the summer of 1889." This I must contradict; I was not born in 1889, nor do I come of a "theatrical family," otherwise the statement is quite true.

MY father, who was of good old Ohio stock, ran away from home when a little boy in the early '70's, and joined a touring circus with which organization he became a popular singing clown—a career he followed with great success until pantomime and the vaudeville stage lured him, when I was a small girl, away from the sawdust.

None of his family nor of my mother's had ever before been connected with the stage. My mother, indeed, horrified her staid relatives when she "married into the profession" and became Mrs. William Ethelbert Burke.

Mother's people were from the South, her mother, Cecilia Flood, had quite a reputation as a writer, contributing verses, essays and stories to the best magazines of her day. It was a very dearly cherished ambition of hers that little Ethel (I was given the name of Ethel after my father's middle name) should redeem the family from the taint of the stage and become a novelist of note. To this end, she used to write me very rhetorical and voluminous letters, quite in the stately style of Jane Austen and Charlotte Brontë. Even when I was five years old, almost as soon as I could hold a pen, and long before my spelling or my penmanship were in the least what it should have been, I was encouraged to answer Grandma Flood's letters in the same lofty vein in which they were written.

While I was still a tot, my father and mother sailed for Europe where father was engaged for appearances in the principal halls in England and the continent. Grandmama, still clinging to the hope that literature might claim me as its own, encouraged me to send her long letters with a view to the formation of a happy style I am afraid that the results discouraged her. Of course a little American girl with the wonders of Paris and the other capitals of Europe opening before her, had much to write about, but I feel sure from the gathering sadness of her replies, that my grandmother's ambitious hopes for little Ethel waned as I wrote her reams and reams of girlish jumbles about everything I saw.

My father, however, encouraged me to dream of the stage as a career, which was greatly to my delight, but little to the rapture of my mother. When I was about eight, mother placed me in a convent school near Ramsgate, in England, to carry forward my education, which had begun under her supervision in France. There I remained until I was fourteen.

THEN I made my stage début. My father believed that I had a good chance for a career as a singer, and in order that I might gain experience without the inevitable drudgery of an apprenticeship in the chorus—a routine believed to be indispensable to the prima donna in light opera in England—he advised a tour in vaudeville. This was arranged, and I was lucky enough, after a few appearances in the larger provincial halls, to be engaged for the Pavilion in London. While I was singing here Leslie Stuart, who wrote the music for "Florodora," "The Silver Slipper," "The School Girl," and other popular pieces, heard me sing, and promptly decided that I was the sort of girl he wanted for a song he had just written for "The School Girl." It was rapture that knocked at my door, I can tell you, when Mr. Stuart called and offered me a real début in a real London theatre, in a real part, in a real piece! So on the 9th of May, 1903, came my true début in the part of Mamie Rockefeller in "The School Girl." I shall never forget the terror nor the happiness of that night, nor my profound gratitude to whatever happy star might be guiding me, that I had so soon got even the insecurest foothold upon the London stage.

Of course, there were then, as now, certain girls who were what you may call the "fashion" in musical comedy in London. Girls whom the public admires and whom audiences expect to see in every new piece. I do not mean prima donnas like Edna May, who was the established rage at the time of my first appearance, but lovely, beautifully dressed girls who sang secondary parts or even did "bits" and danced in the chorus. When promotions came, these girls, rather than new comers, were in line for advancement. There were such numbers of these favorites ahead of me in "The School Girl," that I felt myself very lucky to be cast, in the following autumn, for the rôle of Lizette, in "The Duchess of Danzig." Perhaps it was a lucky resemblance which friends had discovered to Dorothy Edwardes, daughter of manager George Edwardes (afterward Sir George), which accounted for my exceedingly good fortune in being promoted, after some weeks in the part of Lizette, to that of Renée.

DURING the engagement with "The School Girl," and again during the run of "The Duchess of Danzig," I sought interviews with Charles Frohman in a hope that I might induce him to engage me for the company which visited America in these pieces. But in those days, I regret to say, Mr. Frohman saw nothing in my work to induce him to abandon his intention of engaging other girls for the part I had sung in London. The only comfort I was able to extract from this very painful tragedy was that Mr. Frohman told me that even if I did go to America with "The School Girl," my own little *Canoe* song would be taken away from me and given to Miss Edna May, the prima donna. I forgot to tell you that the song Mr. Leslie Stuart wished me to sing, and which, indeed, I believe he wrote for me, was *"The Little Canoe,"* which Miss May afterward sung with so much success.

After the London run of "The Duchess of Danzig," at the Lyric Theatre, I was engaged in 1905 for "The Blue Moon," which followed at the same house.

The following season was full of varied and interesting things. I did "La Commère," in the big revue at the Coliseum, and an engagement to sing at the Palace followed.

I THINK it was during this season that I began to entertain a fixed intention to become an actress in comedy instead of musical farce. Réjane, who originated the title rôle in "Mme. Sans Gêne," Jane Hading and several of the French actresses who played vacation engagements in London had begun their careers on the lyric stage, and a cherished dream of following them into legitimate comedy was born after seeing them in Paris and London. However, it was only a dream, so far, because later in the same season I got my first really big chance, which was to follow Phyllis Dare in the leading part in "The Belle of Mayfair." This sounds like a succession of really nice happenings, and so, indeed, it was, but I dislike to remember the heartbreaks and withering disappointments that were mixed with the progress of these early days. I wanted so much to come to America, but, as I hinted before, girls who seemed to me to be far luckier, were selected by Mr. Frohman for his New York productions and I was left behind.

Then came "Peter Pan," and I felt that if I could only play that wonderful rôle, I should be the happiest girl on earth. The whimsical witchery of the boy who never grew up! The adorable fantasy of the Never-Never-Land, fired my ambition and thrilled my heart. I felt as if Tinker Bell lit the way when again I pilgrimed to Mr. Frohman's office and sublimely suggested myself as a candidate for the title rôle. There isn't a darker moment in the whole unlit annals

Baby Billie at Five Months Old

© Garet-Charles
At the time of her stage debut in vaudeville

In "The School Girl"

EARLY PHOTOGRAPHS OF BILLIE BURKE

engulfed my blighted being when Mr. Frohman —the beloved master of my later dramatic destinies—gently but firmly laughed at me. I felt that my star had gone down forever in darkness, and knew perfectly well that fortune and I had said farewell for all time.

BUT behind the dark skirts of woe waited smiling fate. Mr. Charles Hawtrey listened to my application for a chance to play a speaking part in his company, and engaged me for the leading feminine part in "Mr. George," a piece by Louis Parker, which he was to produce at the Vaudeville Theatre. I must say that Mr. Parker himself proposed me for the part, after seeing me in "The Belle of Mayfair." How happy I was! How energetically I set to work to fit myself for so wonderful an engagement. Nothing can express the deep gratitude I shall always feel toward Mr. Charles Hawtrey for his patient kindness in teaching and encouraging me, not only during rehearsals but throughout the entire length of my most happy and helpful engagement with him. I remember as a detail of the painstaking care he exercised, how he worked to teach me to gain poise and control of all my muscles, by showing me how to relax and how to become tense. I am sure it is no exaggeration to say that this kind and generous star spent hours walking up and down the stage and in the wings with me, just trying to "loosen up" my arms, to use his own phrase.

. Duse was playing in London during my rehearsals and engagement with Mr. Hawtrey, and all the critics were dwelling upon the liquid purity of her exquisite Italian speech. And, of course, it is music and dreamy, delightful song that falls from her lips, but Mr. Hawtrey's matchless diction gives our own speech a charm and beauty we are too apt to forget it possesses, and I shall never cease to be glad that it was with this master of our own wonderful language that I learned my first spoken rôles, and I can think of nothing more fortunate for a young actress than a similar tutelage with Mr. Charles Hawtrey as one's dramatic mentor.

This engagement quite compensated for the searching disappointment of not being permitted to accompany "The Belle of Mayfair" to New York. During the run of "Mr. George," the unexpected, the unbelievable, the impossible happened. Mr. Frohman, who had so fixedly declined to listen to the mention of New York and me in the same breath offered me—actually offered me, unsought, a chance to become leading woman to Mr. John Drew. At the moment when he gave me this magnificent chance, Mr. Hawtrey was rehearsing a new play—"Mrs. Ponderbury's Past"—which everyone concerned seemed to predoom to failure. Everyone, therefore, advised me to jump at the chance (and really I was only too glad to jump) of becoming the leading support of so prominent an actor. Mr. Hawtrey was kind enough to say that he parted with me against his will, but advised me, nevertheless, to accept this splendid opportunity for an American début.

And so it was settled—settled as were most of Mr. Frohman's engagements without a contract, and with no more legally valid a signature than Mr. Frohman's well known: "I think you'll like the engagement." Of course, I was under contract with Mr. Hawtrey for his next season, and to our great joy "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past" was not the failure so gloomily prophesied.

I WONDER if I may not say here that unrelaxing study, unceasing effort to improve every rôle with every repetition, a constant effort to bring to each part every night a fresh enthusiasm and all the energy, all the reserve with which more experienced players invested their own ambition but the constant stimulus of Mr. Hawtrey's precepts and his performances helped me to form. And may I not here express infinite gratitude to my mother—sternest and kindest of critics for an unfaltering faithfulness in admonishing me that no matter how nearly I might approach success in any rôle, I must still strive to come nearer to the radiance of a perfect performance? Sane and just in her judgments, the word art held no place in her vocabulary; work was the first and last syllable in my mother's bright lexicon. Slovenly diction, action that was not inspired by intelligent thought, a tone of voice that missed anything of fulness and purity, these things were anathema to my mother, and she has always been able to find so much to distress her in my work, that I have never had a chance to assume an attitude of the least complacency when good fortune sent me a "nice notice," or any of the praise from others that is so dear to the heart of an actress.

THEN came the day of my American début. It was August 31, 1907, and incidentally it was the warmest day, I verily believe, that ever happened. If the weather records say otherwise, I must beg you to believe them false. "My Wife" was the vehicle chosen for Mr. Drew that season. It was a version of the French comedy, "Josette, Ma Femme," seen here in the original at the Théâtre Français, in Forty-fourth Street, last season.

Again I must pause to express appreciation of my good fortune in having been lucky enough to act with John Drew. I wish every young actress might have the privilege of a season with so finished a master of stage *nuance,* for it is impossible to act opposite to him without absorbing something of his wonderfully finished method, of his superb yet delicate technique.

After a season in the rôle of Beatrice Dupré with Mr. Drew, came my own trembling début as a star. With what tremors I approached this responsible event! How I wished myself back under the wing of a regular star! How impossible it seemed that I could ever satisfy the public "on my own," or Mr. Frohman, or least of all my mother! August 27, 1908, was the day of fate, Jacqueline in "Love Watches" was the rôle, and my good star must have been on duty, for the event was not the sad one my fears had prophesied.

In the following May, London audiences, at the Haymarket Theatre, failed to confirm the American verdict, and if there had lurked in my first success any danger that I might grow

In the "Duchess of Dantzig"

In "The Belle of Mayfair"

With Charles Hawtrey in "Mr. George"

FROM THE ACTRESS' PRIVATE COLLECTION

satisfied with myself and careless, it was mercifully averted by the refusal of English audiences to accord favor to "Love Watches."

I remember reading, somewhere, that Miss Ethel Barrymore enjoyed playing the rôle of the old woman in Galsworthy's "Silver Box," more than any part in which she had previously appeared as a heroine of an age more near to her own. Of course, it was the stunning Galsworthy literature and the power and pathos of the rôle, rather than the mere age of the character which endeared it to Miss Barrymore, but I had something of the same feeling in playing the title rôle of "Mrs. Dot," which followed the tour of "Love Watches," and opened at the Lyceum Theatre in January, 1910. "Mrs. Dot" was supposed to be a dashing widow of a certain age, and I found it great fun, persuading the critics I wasn't miscast in the part originally played with great brilliancy in London by Miss Marie Tempest.

I THINK it was during the run of "Mrs. Dot," at the Lyceum Theatre, in New York, that I realized how very valuable an asset to an actress in legitimate comedy, is a preliminary training on the singing stage. In playing over and over again one rôle—always with the same company, always with the same "business," it is not easy to capture the spirit of fresh and dewy brightness for each performance. And I sometimes found myself needing to sit down quietly in my dressing room and speak quite sternly to Miss Billie Burke on the subject of keeping up the sprightly interest I have before alluded to, in her rôle. During this engagement, I was called upon by Mr. Daniel Frohman to appear at a benefit for the Actor's Fund, and while I was casting about for a good excuse for saying "Yes" to his request, someone suggested that I sing my dear old début song, *"My Little Canoe."* Of course, I was glad to do so, and as the familiar prelude was wafted up from the orchestra pit, I felt as if I were lifted right out of myself by the strains. It flashed across my consciousness that the inspiration of spirited music was the one thing lacking to keep one stimulated to the bubbling point in spoken comedy. I have never failed to study and restudy and study over again, every rôle during the run of the piece in which I perform. Since that benefit performance, whenever I have found myself unable to awaken any warm inner enthusiasm over my oft-repeated lines, I pretend to myself that I am going to sing them, and I dash them off in a few musical phrases before going upon the stage.

I AM very sure that members of my company have often suspected me of momentary mental aberration when they have listened to the dialogue of the play in which we were appearing, as it was liltingly carolled in my dressing room to any tune whatever that echoed the gay spirit I wanted to awaken in my weary soul. And if a part presents difficulties of enunciation, I find it much easier to acquire command of stubborn syllables by singing

"She sells sea shells on the sea shore,
Sea shore shells sells she,
And the sea shells she sells on the sea shore,
Are sea shore shells I'm sure."

in George Grossmith's best manner, than by trying to utter the difficult line with a crystal clearness of articulation. After one sings that Gaiety ditty a few times, the English language presents few lingual hurdles too difficult for one's tongue to surmount.

And singing, too, enables one to speak "over" or "under" a cold, so that I find that actresses like Marie Tempest, Louise Dresser and others who have been trained in musical comedy, are more rarely afflicted with hoarseness than their sisters whose work has all been done on the speaking stage.

I hope this does not sound like an attempt to be "preachy" nor to stand forth as one having authority to give advise to her sisters on the stage. I am only anxious to seize this chance to tell any girl who may be struggling to work out her own theories of how to succeed in making the most of her equipment for professional success, of the things that have been of assistance to me in making such success as I have won. I am quite sure that a fine and definite art may enable one to interest the public in a rôle in which one has lost interest, but it is far, far easier and one is much more happy, if one's own first enthusiasm over a performance can be retained. And trying what effect comes from lifting a part up to concert pitch by pretending one must really sing it, is frequently an incredible stimulus. But I seem to have wandered a long way from "Mrs. Dot," so let us return to the stage.

THE next season's play was "Suzanne," in which I opened in the rôle of Suzanne Beulemans, at the Lyceum in December, and the following year brought "The Runaway," with which I came back to the Lyceum in October.

The year 1912 brought Pinero's comedy, "The Mind the Paint Girl." I played the part of Lily Parradell through that season and late into the spring of 1913, when Mr. Frohman made a revival of the old Lyceum success, "The Amazons," and cast me as Lady Thomasine. After a tour in "The Amazons" next Christmas night found me back at the Lyceum in the part of Norah Marsh in Somerset Maugham's "The Land of Promise."

March of 1914 was chosen by Mr. Frohman for the launching of "Jerry," at the Lyceum. During this engagement I entered into the most serious contract of my life, and married my present manager, Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., on April 11, 1914. For a part of the run of "Jerry," Mr. Frohman preceded it with a one-act play, "The Philosopher in the Apple Orchard," in which I played the rôle of Mrs. May.

In 1914 and 1915, no new play being ready, I toured in "Jerry," and during the present season have confined my activities to the "movies." Mr. Ziegfeld has contracted with a noted dramatist for a new piece in which I expect to star under his management later.

The rest of my autobiography, like every unfinished human document, trails away into a vague question mark. For which of us can answer the ? ? ?—the riddle that is unfolded every day?

THE SEASON AHEAD

WHO is going to write the great success of the season of 1916-1917? Who is going to produce it? And what happy player is going to score the great hit of the year? Cast your eye over this brief summary of the productions scheduled by our most prominent managers, and be your own prophet of what the season shall bring forth.

Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger believe that if Elsie Ferguson does not run away with the hit of the year, it is sure to be captured by one of the musical productions they plan to make or by Patricia Collinge, whom they present, by arrangement with Joseph Brooks, in "Pollyanna," unless Laurette Taylor, whose management they also share with George Tyler, should find another "Peg o' my Heart" in "The Wooing of Eve," or "Happiness," which two plays are all ready for production. Of course, any mention of Klaw and Erlanger, associated with Joseph Brooks, is incomplete without a mild reference to the mammoth revival of "Ben Hur," with one member of the first Broadway cast—Monk, the good old charger who has won the chariot race for a longer period than the whole life of most horses, in his original part.

The Messrs. Shubert, who have no less than twelve New York theatres to provide with their own attractions, have a quite amazing list of productions already under way. James T. Powers will open the Forty-eighth Street Theatre just as we go to press, in Mark Swan's farce, "Somebody's Luggage." William Hodge will follow with a comedy, "Fixing Sister," and Eugene Walter's adaptation of John Fox's novel, "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," is also scheduled for an early hearing with a fine cast. Reversing the usual order, Alfred Sutro's newest comedy will be presented here by the Shubert's before it gains a London hearing.

THE sole regret with which I greet the season of 1916-17," said Lee Shubert, in discussing his plans with THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, "is that I shall not be able to present a successor to either of my two classic stars, E. H. Sothern or Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, in serious drama this season. I am looking for the actor who shall take up the work of these retiring players and help me to present classic plays of the best traditions of literature and the drama, with a central figure of the dramatic dignity of these actors who have so long and happily been identified with my management."

Other plays to be sent on tour by the Shuberts are Princess Troubetskoy's "Fear Market," Lou-Tellegen in "A King of Nowhere," Sam Sothern in "A Pair of Silk Stockings," "Just a Woman," and "A Lady's Name," in which Marie Tempest will make a tour of the principal cities, returning in a new comedy for a New York engagement later on. Louis Mann will be seen in a new comedy not yet christened, which is said to fit his comedy talent to a T.

More than twenty musical companies will carry the Shubert banner this winter, Reginald de Koven, Oscar Strauss, Franz Lehar, Robert Winterberg and Sig. Romberg, Leslie Stuart, and other noted composers furnishing the scores for a range of comic opera and operetta that runs the whole gamut from real opera to musical farce comedy and *revues*. Lew Fields in "Step This Way," will make a brief tour of the larger cities before coming to New York in a new straight comedy, of which great things are expected. Anna Held will be seen under the Shubert management in a new *revue*, and Margaret Romaine, John Charles Thomas, and Clifton Crawford will be starred in new pieces, while "Alone at Last," "The Blue Paradise" and other Shubert successes will continue their bright way on tour.

ALF HAYMAN outlines the plans of the Charles Frohman Company, with a few mental reservations as to the pieces by Sir James Barrie and Mr. W. S. Maugham. Both these dramatists are more or less on the field of battle, and while Sir James Barrie is only "looking about a bit" in France, Mr. Maugham is actively in service on the Russian front—or was when last heard from. A cable dated July 4th, containing certain directions concerning the new play in which Miss Blanche Bates, returning to the stage after a year's domesticity, will be seen as a Charles Frohman star early in October, fluttered into Mr. Hayman's office only a few days ago, while a letter from Sir James Barrie, dated in May, took more than two months for transmission.

The new Barrie piece, "A Kiss for Cinderella," will be seen with Maude Adams as the Cinderella, after Miss Adams in response to a clamor of requests has made a brief tour in "The Little Minister," and will be seen in New York as Miss Adams' Christmas offering at the Empire Theatre.

A new play for William Gillette, a Booth Tarkington comedy for Otis Skinner, and "Caroline," by W. S. Maugham, in which Margaret Anglin will reappear as a Frohman star, will also be given early production. "Please Help Emily," with Ann Murdock, has already been seen. Ethel Barrymore has been provided with a dual rôle in a mysterious new comedy of unknown name and authorship of which great things are expected. In conjunction with David Belasco the Charles Frohman company will make at least two very important productions; one an all star revival of an old favorite now in course of reconstruction, and another which like this, is still enveloped in that pall of mystery, with which managers are wont to invest productions not yet ready for public announcement.

Messrs. Cohan and Harris will do a number of new things during the coming season, among them, of course, being the new Cohan Revue, scheduled to be dashed off the smoking typewriter, rehearsed and produced all within the week before Christmas.

NEW plays will be given by Rida Johnson Young, Cyril Harcourt who wrote "A Lady's Name" and "A Pair of Silk Stockings," James Montgomery and other dramatists dear to Broadway. Of course, Mr. Cohan himself has written the new piece in which Chauncey Olcott is to star. When Mr. Cohan was asked whether he had constructed an Irish comedy for his new musical star, his delphic and oracular reply, "Well, you see, my middle name is Michael," seems to indicate that Mr. Olcott will again use his delicate Dublin dialect.

Last season's stalwart successes, "Hit-the-Trail-Holiday" and "The Great Lover," will go on tour under the Cohan and Harris banner, the latter being revived with Leo Ditrichstein and the original cast, for a preliminary engagement at the Candler before visiting the principal cities.

Raymond Hitchcock, at present sharing honors as an American hit with Doris Keane in London, will pass this season to the management of Charles B. Dillingham, who will present him in "Betty," a tuneful piece done in the British metropolis by the George Edwardes management. Paul Rubens and Fred Lonsdale, who have turned out many successes together, are responsible for "Betty." Mr. Dillingham will manage the two largest playhouses in New York this year, having both the Century and the Hippodrome under his direction. While plans for the Century are as yet not fully formulated it is known that Mr. Dillingham will bid for favor with a strong and novel combination of music and comedy, with Elsie Janis as one of the luminaries. In association with Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., he will present an-after-the-theatre *mélange* on the roof of the big structure, and there is a possibility that a series of performances in French may bring to America some very noted players from Paris.

AT the Hippodrome a novel entertainment with Anna Pavlowa as a central figure is under rehearsal. Leon Bakst has designed scenes and costumes of the most modern and startling type for the Hippodrome show, and while skating will be retained as one of the features of the entertainment, it will not be so prominently a part of the entertainment as last season. Two ice plants will support Charlotte, Sousa and last season's Hippodrome show on their tour of the principal cities, one being set up in one city while the big company plays in another.

"I expect a great deal of Joseph Stantley as a musical star, when I present him in 'One Time in May,'" says Mr. Dillingham. "Anne Caldwell has written a capital book from the original German, and the musical score and lyrics are most attractive. I also expect that Frank McIntyre, in George Broadhurst's newest play, is going to win many new friends and strengthen his grip on his old ones."

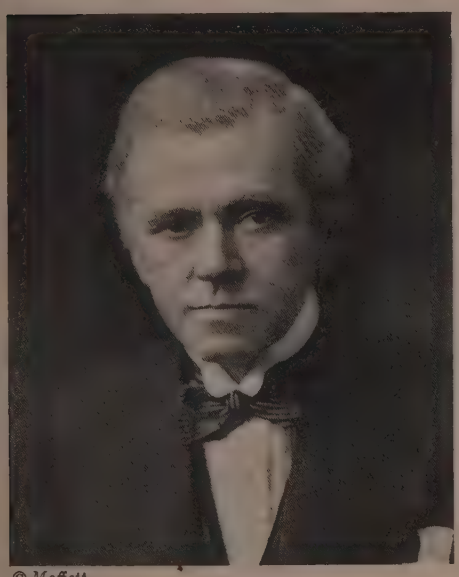
Montgomery and Stone, of course, remain under the Dillingham management, but no new play is needed for that pair of fun makers at present. Miss Doris Keane may pay a flying visit to Broadway under Mr. Dillingham's direction, and plans are a-foot for the presentation of a number of novelties in each of the houses and each of the companies controlled by this manager.

Henry W. Savage, who will send "Pom-Pom" on tour with sprightly Mitzi Hajos as star, has a number of plans (*Concluded on page* 172)

© Charles Frohman
MAUDE ADAMS

© Strauss-Peyton
FRANCES STARR

Photo Hartsook
BLANCHE BATES



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DAVID WARFIELD

Photo Bushnell
JOHN DREW

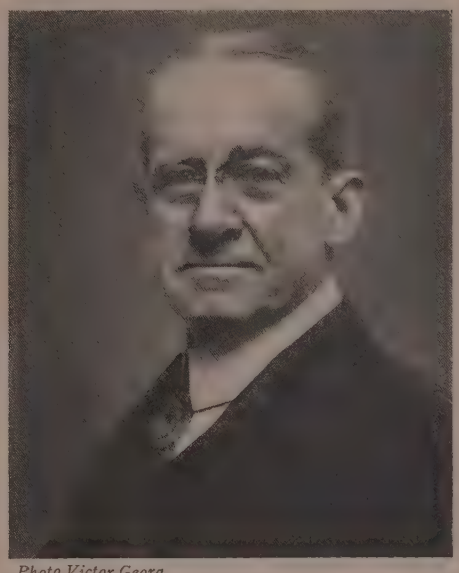

Photo Victor Georg
WILLIAM H. CRANE

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MARGARET ILLINGTON

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JANET BEECHER

FAVORITE PLAYERS TO BE SEEN ON BROADWAY AGAIN THIS SEASON

SCENERY THAT HELPS THE ACTOR

By HIRAM K MODERWELL

IT is a common saying among those who object to any change in the methods of theatrical staging, that stage scenery should not distract the attention of the audience from the actor. Some of the old-timers, having observed the new scenery of Mr. Urban, Mr. Platt and Mr. Jones on Broadway, find themselves perplexed by its lively color and unconventional design. They feel that a new source of interest is being created in the theatre and that the actor's domain is being invaded.

But what is the actor's view of the matter? In the old days when every melodrama had its mill-race or its railroad wreck, it was an actor's highest joy to rescue the heroine amid the splashing of water or the crashing of steel. The railroad wreck made the hero's act more important. And hence the scenery made the actor more important. It is more fun to act in front of interesting scenery than in front of dull scenery, just as it is more fun to live in a handsome house than in a dull one.

THE new scenery (like that of Mr. Urban for "The Follies") does not intend to set up a Cubist art exhibit in competition with the actor. On the contrary, if it is any good, it makes the actor more important, and his effect more vivid. It uses less obvious means than a mill-race or a railroad wreck, but its job is the same.

Mr. Lee Simonson, who has been doing the most important settings for the lively Washington Square Players at the Bandbox Theatre, has specialized in just this job. Mr. Walter Pritchard Eaton in a recent magazine article described his scenery for "The Magical City" as "a setting of great beauty, quite worthy of such professional designers as Joseph Urban or Livingston Platt." In Miss Akins' play the sordid tragedy takes place in rich and magical surroundings—and it was up to Mr. Simonson to supply the magic. Instead of investing his studio scene with expensive gee-gaws which any extravagant woman might have bought at the department store, he hung the walls with muslin dyed to a rich maroon shade. At the back there was a large studio window, and through it could be seen the City of Magic itself—the skyscrapers of New York dimly outlined through the mist against the night sky. The "city" was silhouetted out of canvas hung on gauze, and hangings of gauze in front of it and behind lent mystery to the vista. Yellow light streamed down from the center of the stage. Here beautiful Margaret Mower had a setting worthy of her. Did it distract the attention of the audience from her beauty of face and her richness of voice? It did not. On the contrary, it gave her an added importance, as the centre of all this loveliness.

Then there was Mr. Simonson's series of settings for the pantomime burlesque, "The Red Cloak." In this case the actors were asked to register a laugh every few seconds, and it was Mr. Simonson's business to help them. His work was to paint his scenery so as to put the audience in the mood for laughter. He knew that it would be twice as easy for the company to register laughs if the audience was put into a laughing mood, just as it is twice as easy to boil water if your water is already warm. And to create the laughing mood in the auditorium and keep it there, he painted bits of the action, in a spirit of lively burlesque, on the stage "frame" within which the various scenes were set. Here the two silly lovers simpered at each other. Here was enacted a villainous murder by two comic opera assassins. Mr. Simonson even provided the actors with a laugh gratis at the very start by painting on the curtain the legs of the murdered man, which disappeared in ludicrous fashion as the curtain rose. Although throughout the action, you kept looking at these frame pictures with the tail of your eye, it was only to gaze harder at the actors in the hope that they would make you laugh more.

SOMETHING of the same method Mr. Simonson used in the settings for "Pierre Patelin," which was a more difficult undertaking. Here the "stage frame" consisted of parts of two houses, which blended, in a conventionalized way, into the street scene on the curtain behind. On the one side was the house of the dishonest lawyer Patelin. Here were painted, as a coat of arms, the scales of justice, weighed down heavily with a bag of gold. On the two backdrops representing the little French town in which Patelin lived, were painted funny old houses, almost toppling with age, as old European houses do. The settings were so arranged that the scenes shifted instantaneously from one into the other. It was perfectly evident that the scenery had been fitted to the play, and not, as in certain recent performances of Shakespeare, the play to the scenery. In this atmosphere of amiable burlesque the rollicking farce of crooked old Patelin moved with a zip. Any modern theories of art that Mr. Simonson may have embodied in his settings certainly didn't hinder the play.

After looking at such settings as these many amateur artists throughout the country have concluded that making settings in the "new manner" is a very simple process—just a matter of putting cheese-cloth and canvas together with interesting colors. This idea (which is responsible for most of the freak scenery in the "new manner") recalls a well-known humorist's recipe for a joke. He set down the twenty-six letters of the alphabet and continued: "Arrange these in proper order and submit." Mr. Simonson's job in helping the actor get laughs or sobs is just as simple.

Photo White

SETTING DESIGNED BY LEE SIMONSON FOR "THE MAGICAL CITY" PRESENTED RECENTLY AT THE BANDBOX THEATRE BY THE WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS

MR. WILLIAM FAVERSHAM

SOCIETY ON THE STAGE

By ALAN DALE

WHEN the modern playwright is anxious to attack a class of people who will never, under any circumstances, hit back, he writes what is known as a "society" play, and gives his imagination full scope. The mere and trifling fact that he is not "in" society, and that most of his information is of the hearsay type, does not disturb him in the least. It is a very prolific field, and as the stage lives on the lovely tradition that the rich are all wicked, and the poor are all virtuous, the "society play" is always popular. It appeals to those who own "Sarah-Jane" minds, and it appeals to those who own no minds at all. It is always a safe investment.

Society details are plentiful everywhere—particularly in the Sunday papers, for which reporters ransack affable kitchens, and listen eagerly to the airy persiflage of racalcitrant butlers, peevish cooks and "French maids." No playwright can afford to overlook the Sunday papers, with their records of brave and spectacular doings at Newport, and Narragansett, and Bar Harbor. These are comedies, dramas, melodramas—and more frequently farces—in themselves, and so accurate!

Then the society play is popular, because it gives the actresses such a fine chance to overdress. The feminine star is happy when she is cast for society, because it is so difficult to wear peacock feathers plausibly, when she is slated for poverty. I am bound to say that she makes even poverty as sartorially attractive as she dares to do, but it has its limitations. She may not wear diamonds in a hovel, nor can she be aggressively "dekkletay" in a squalid boarding-house. So she dotes on drawing-rooms in Fifth Avenue, and cherishes swagger suites in the lordly hotels of Paris and London.

THE modern playwright is attracted to society, because it is so sinful (*vide* Sunday papers). The society woman is married so that she can at once fall in illicit love with some other fellow. Nothing could possibly induce her to have children, unless she needs a child to pose in a "nightie," on the eve of her elopement. Then, the husband filled with delicious Wall Street infamy—succulent and juicy infamy—is a "type" in himself, and the lover can be utilized for those epigrams that, according to the modern playwright, are society's finest exudations.

Sometimes, I cannot help thinking that there should be some association for the Prevention of Cruelty to Helpless Society People, who after all, are good patrons of the theatre. Then, when I see some of these society arraignments "get over" without a protest from the maligned ones, I come to the conclusion that society doesn't mind very much, and probably regards the malignant playwright as a sort of harmless lunatic.

Then again, it occurs to me that the playwright may be "peeved" because he cannot savor the joys of the butterfly life that attracts his pen so persistently. It may be a case of "sour grapes." It is naturally galling to be forced to apply for information at the back door, and to rely for local color upon the unchastened tongues of the kitchen folk. This is probably a severe thorn in the flesh of the society writer. The people he attacks would not deign to "receive" him.

ON the stage, society people are always gathered in drawing-rooms, uttering apoplectically brilliant remarks. They never ask the time, or discuss the weather, or emit banalities, like ordinary people. No matter when you discover them, they are bright and gorgeously gowned. For comfort, they sit on gold chairs, and the stage is littered with these. It is almost impossible to walk across a stage drawing-room, without tripping over the gold chairs.

No well-regulated society person is ever satisfied with one chair. He sits on at least six, in the course of ten minutes. If the hero and heroine are shown in the agonies of an important talk, they start on gold chairs to the left of the stage, and proceed by easy chairs until they have reached the extreme right. That seems to be one of the marked peculiarities of society. No chair is comfortable for more than two minutes. To be bright, they must progress!

The playwright loves the opulence of drawing-rooms, because he can be so bitter, and so contemptuous in treating them—all the more so, for the reason that he couldn't possibly get into one of them if he tried. Then, to inveigh against what the majority of theatre-goers can never possess, strikes the "responsive chord" that the playwright adores. His pet trick is to place some exquisitely poverty-stricken girl, or some admirably indigent youth, in the midst of the galaxy, and point the moral. That moral is antagonistic to society—naturally—and, of course, dramatic.

The playwright isn't a bit grateful to society for the opportunities it gives him to be preachy and "purposeful." Not for a moment. All he does is lambast the poor suffering rich, for the sake of the almost malevolently virtuous poor. The poverty-stricken girl usually wears white muslin, as a symptom of her worthy poverty, and the indigent youth, scorning the idiocy of the "Tuxedo," appears in the gilded drawing-rooms in a check suit, and *not* a "form-fitter." Those in the audience with Sarah-Jane minds, are delighted at the sublime contrast. In their heart of hearts, perhaps they envy the gorgeously gowned ones, and tacitly despise the aggressively virtuous sponsors of pictorial poverty, but they do not realize this. And the playwright knows that they do not realize this. He is sure of his ground.

It may be, of course, that emotions and mental torments flourish only in the homes of the neatly-monied. A very well-known English writer says: "There may be tragedies in South Hampstead, although experience does not consistently testify to the fact, but at all events, from the historical and traditional standpoint, tragedy is more likely to concern itself with Glamis Castle, Melrose Abbey, Carisbrooke, or even with Carlton House Terrace."

I call that view cosy, but snobbish. It plays into the hands of the modern dramatist, and also into those of the modern manager, who has little respect for characters that elect to appear without the glamor of evening dress.

OUR popular play-weaver, who loves to believe that he is portraying the ugly eccentricities of modern society, and that he is magnificently up-to-date—not a day behind the latest brand of 1916—would probably be surprised if he heard that the society inanities so relentlessly exposed, are as old as the hills, and typical of nothing belonging exclusively to to-day.

Emperor Domitian of Rome was quite as foolish as Mrs. Cutadash of Fifth Avenue, and Newport. On one occasion, he assembled the members of his Senate, to ask them on what vessel a turbot might be most conveniently dressed. Another time, he sent out invitations for a big "affair," and when the guests arrived, they entered a large gloomy hall, hung with black, and lighted with tapers. In the middle of the hall, coffins were placed, on each of which appeared the names of the invited Senators. Then a number of dingily clad men, bearing drawn swords and flaming torches, burst into the room, and terrified the guests, who were allowed to retire.

What playwright could invent anything more "typical" than this of the so-called inanities of the smart set of 1916? Domitian was a gay dog, and if he had lived to-day, he would have been seized upon as an example of the infamy of riches, and the vapidity of the society mind. Probably he would have played bridge, or have taken dope, to eke out the designs of the preachy playwright.

New York society must laugh itself sick at some of the vagaries attributed to it by the modern stage. I love the absurd butler that the "character" actor thinks he plays so luminously. This butler stands with his head in the air, his mouth open, and with an expression of benign imbecility on his features. This is purely an American idea of the English butler, and every American actor plays it in precisely the same way. This butler has become a fixture in the modern society play.

IT is the "extra" ladies who appear in the crowds at swagger functions that appeal most perfervidly to my sense of humor. The poor things are all decked out in expensive finery, but finery of quite another brand than that worn by the star. As they are "announced" by the stage butler, they glide upon the stage, looking so miserable and so helpless that burlesque might claim them legitimately. Sometimes these wretched people are duchesses or countesses, and merely bow to the hostess, but they look as though they were pining for a shirtwaist and skirt apiece, and in their eyes is the dismay of the hunted antelope brought to bay! Poor things, but they *are* funny! In French plays they call the hero "moosoo," and the heroine "contess." All they have to do is to hold a cup of tea in their hands, and pretend to sip it, but even that is too much for them. They would be so much more at home, toying with a ham sandwich and a glass of beer. In English society plays, Lady Clara Vere de Vere often has a Western accent that would set London agog. However, she does (*Concluded on page* 174)

© *Brown Bros.*
Vesta Tilley and Ellen Terry

© *Brown Bros.*
Sir James M. Barrie and Mr. Drinkwater

© *Brown Bros.*
Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson and Gertrude Elliott

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Left to right—Ben Webster, May Whitty, Bernard Shaw, Lilian Braithwaite, Lillah McCarthy, Mrs. Colifax and Mr. Drinkwater

© *Brown Bros.*
Gerald du Maurier, Gladys Cooper, Arthur Bouchier, Hilda Trevelyan, Lillah McCarthy, Dennis Eadie, Lily Elsie. Eric Lewis is seated

SIR JAMES M. BARRIE RECENTLY REHEARSED AN ALL-STAR CAST FOR A BENEFIT GIVEN IN LONDON IN AID OF THE CRIPPLED SOLDIERS. THE ABOVE PICTURES SHOW A REHEARSAL ON A THEATRE ROOF

Photo Lee

THE BANKSIDE THEATRE, UNIVERSITY OF NORTH DAKOTA

The dedication of this open air theatre in 1914 marked a new phase in the modern movement toward the Theatre of Nature which is rapidly coming into favor on the Continent and in America. The name was suggested by its location on the banks of a gentle stream which flows across the University campus. The stage is one hundred feet wide and forty feet deep. There is seating accommodation for three thousand spectators

THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN

By PERRITON MAXWELL

THE theatre was dark, cool, empty. It was forenoon of a scorching August day. Outside the pitiless sun sizzled the bricks of this most famous of New York playhouses. On the gloom-enshrouded stage a solitary figure moved back and forth at the right—an animated silhouette. From the black pit of the orchestra came a thin, sweet voice, soft and soothing like the voice of a mother speaking to her child. The voice said:

"What about the 'ambers,' Louis? What can you get with them?"

The silhouette moved back into the deeper shadows of the wings, was swallowed up by them. There was a shuffling of unseen feet, the clicking sound of metal on metal, and suddenly the raw backs of a huddling mass of stretched canvas leaning against the rear wall, glowed in a glory of diffused and golden light.

"Too strong, Mr. Dave," cried the silhouette. "I'll try 'em single."

There was more shuffling, more clicking and the great glow reduced itself to a broad bar of opaque, impalpable ambergris.

"Fine!" exclaimed the voice in the orchestra. "Now the 'baby spot,' Louis."

Again the shuffling, the clicking, and a star-beam smote the corner of a library "flat." Imperceptibly it grew into a thin ribbon of silver.

"How's that, Mr. Dave?" asked the silhouette.

"Bully, Louis, Bully," piped the voice from the musician's rail. "Just the right density, Louis."

And it was all for a tiny bit in a single scene lasting, perhaps, three minutes, in a forth-coming production by David Belasco—the man with the caressing voice. The silhouette was Louis Hartmann, master of light, in the employ of the Belasco Theatre, a genius practically unknown outside the busy world of mimes.

MR. HARTMANN has been David Belasco's chief electrician for many years. Just how much that means, few of those who have marvelled at the scenic splendors of a Belasco production, can quite appreciate. Stage lighting is something more than a mere mechanical problem with Mr. Belasco—it is a fine art, and an elusive one. He thinks in terms of luminous color, precisely as the artist thinks in terms of his glowing palette. Mr. Belasco paints his big play-pictures with stage-long brushes of light and his favorite hue is amber—the amber of autumn sunsets and the rich tones of burnished copper. And in Louis Hartmann, the scenic wizard of the American stage has a highly gifted coadjutor, a fellow sensitive. But Hartmann is himself an artist plus, for there are few things about electricity and the complex appliances and mechanisms used in its production with which he is not familiar. There are many clever electricians behind the scenes throughout the land, but to Louis Hartmann belongs the recognition we must give any man who with head and hand and the rare possession of imagination, succeeds in lifting his work above the common level of cut-and-dried artisanship.

It is a revelation, when one goes stalking unknown genius, to find how much of it is in hiding behind the lowered curtains of our best theatres.

To the great playgoing public a stage production is largely a matter of well-known players, some lesser known managers and still less-known authors. Dimly an audience senses the crowd of men who briskly move unseen behind the fabric wall in front of the footlights. One is aware that a stage-director strides supreme among mummers and mechanics alike; that a stage-carpenter and his helpers, a property man, electricians—all are busy with their appointed duties. But of their relative importance, their large or little responsibilities and to what extent the success of the play itself depends, most of us have only an imperfect conception. They are not all drab impersonalities, those strenuous souls who have labored for months that we may be entertained for two hours.

UPON stage-directors it is difficult to pin the label of genius; difficult because so many of them are already in the category of large type blessedness and my task has only to do with the mute, inglorious ones. I may not descant upon the wizardry of a George Cohan, or retell the wonder workings of a Burnside, a Ned Weyburn, a Florenz Ziegfeld or a Julian Mitchell. Their activities are drenched in the limelight of publicity. But what of Sam Forrest, Fred Latham, Herbert Gresham, Robert Milton? True their names may be discovered by the patient program reader somewhere in type. Yet, how many of the thousands who say, "Good show, that," as they hustle from the theatre supperward, can give the names of even the foremost among the men who have toiled and moiled and sweated to win the careless encomium of "Good show, that." If the average theatre-goer has a short memory for the authors and producers of a play how much less regard has he for the people who constitute the minor cogs in the machinery of a production.

Among successful stage-directors of unquestionable genius, there are seven at least whose works are as unfamiliar to the public as the names of Caesar's captains. The oldest of the craft, in point of service, is Herbert Gresham. He was directing big productions when Georgie Cohan was in knickerbockers and learning to play "*Sally In Our Alley*" on his little violin; when the theatre was a temple of mystery to Charles Dillingham—which he probably will not deny it still is. Gresham was the man upon whom devolved the success of the early Klaw & Erlanger extravaganzas, a man of imagination, a highly developed color sense in costuming and settings and a will of iron that brooked no pettishness on the part of prima donna or the temperamental vagaries of leading men with tenor voices. He can stamp out a chorus girl rebellion with a sweep of his hand. He knows the stage from sub-cellar to "flies" and both ways across, and he knows "the profession" in a way that enables him to get the best out of it. He is a martinet with an army of loving co-workers. He is still "in the game," and still has the enthusiasm of a young man with his first production to "put over."

ANOTHER old-timer in the business of pleasing the public is George Marion, stage director of many resources, many "hits," but whose names, outside the narrow circle of theatre industrians, carries no memories of Broadway triumphs and many bygone melodious and dramatic victories throughout the country. How many who have enjoyed "Pom-Pom" this season, know that George Marion staged it and directed its performance? And now Mr. Marion has gone over to the entourage of Henry W. Savage, to work more wonders—in obscurity. And James Gorman? Does it sound familiar to you? To the world theatric it means one of its most picturesque figures, it means the man who has put on more elaborate dances and military numbers of his own originating, than any of his contemporaries. Years ago his "Gorman's Minstrels" were famous. He has busied himself with the producing of plays and spectacles for a matter of forty years and he is so valuable an asset to Cohan & Harris that those theatre-wise partners keep him on their payroll the year around. Gorman it was who created the dance numbers in the money-making Friar's Frolic this year.

Out of sun-flooded Texas into the back-stage murk of anonymity came Sam Forrest and among his more notable productions have been "On Trial," "Stop Thief," "Officer 666," "Nearly Married," "The House of Glass," a stretch of successes. J. C. Huffman is another gifted producer whose unusual talents are hidden in the napkin of obscurity. He is the man who creates a living, vital thing out of a fistful of typewritten sheets handed him by authors. He is attached to the Shubert forces and stage-directed Julia Marlowe's repertoire of plays before she cast her fortune with that of Mr. Sothern. Huffman also did the "Prince of India" of recent memory and has been responsible for the Winter Garden shows for several years past. From the damp and sacred precincts of old Convent Garden in London to the diamond illumined preserves of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, Fred Latham journeyed, some seasons ago, and thence to stage the offerings of Charles Dillingham. Latham is the kind of director who works best in large masses. Recognizing this rare ability Mr. Dillingham has just signed him up as producing director of the Century Theatre under the new Dillingham-Ziegfeld management—which means that the Latham name will henceforth scintillate in large fat capital letters in the Century's programs and the hitherto hidden playbuilder of "The Red Mill," "The Only Girl," "Princess Pat," "Mlle. Modiste" and "Sybil," steps into the glare of public recognition—or does he?

AND, finally, there is Robert Milton who has upreared many stage structures bearing the impress of popular approval, culminating in one of the greatest hits of the year, "The Cinderella Man." To what extent that pleasing picture of life and the romance of the commonplace has made good through the genius of Milton, few who have wept and smiled through its three smooth-running

(*Concluded on page* 178)

White

BLANCHE RING AS JANE O'DAY

TOMMY MEADE HELEN LOWELL

In this comedy of bucolic life Mr. Mack presents some smart Broadway people amid quiet rural surroundings. Blanche Ring is Jane O'Day, known professionally as Madame Nadine, a fashionable New York milliner. During her vacation at Mrs. Denby's boarding-house at Killimuck Falls, millinery is forgotten in the excitement of [illegible]-trying to bring the tangled love affairs of her country friends to the kind of an ending one expects in a play which is laid amid an atmosphere of new mown hay.

CHARACTERS IN WILLARD MACK'S COMEDY, "BROADWAY AND BUTTERMILK," NOW AT THE MAXINE ELLIOTT

THE UNAPPRECIATED SUPER

By CHARLES BURNHAM

THE theatre supernumerary has been described as "one who plays many parts, and yet obtains applause in none." His name is not printed in the playbills, and he is always unknown to his audience. Even the persons he is supposed to represent upon the stage invariably remain anonymous. Both as a living and a fictitious creature he is denied individuality, and has to be considered collectively, massed with others, and inseparable from his companion figures. He is not so much an actor, as part of the decorations, the animated furniture, one might say, of the stage.

Have you ever realized, while seated in a theatre, watching with intense interest, some exciting and absorbing drama, what would happen should the "supers" refuse to appear? Were any member of the company to be taken ill or decline to act, their part would be quickly filled with a substitute, but the "mob" of the stage requires numbers and careful drilling, in fact many hours of preparation, and an army of "supers" is not a thing of the moment.

The exigency of the dramatic situation at times makes the "super" the very backbone of a melodrama, a vital necessity in most of Shakespeare's plays, and an important detail in all plays requiring numbers on the stage. What would Coriolanus do without his "army," Camille without her guests for the "ball scene,' or any of the numerous war dramas of the present time, without their "armies"?

There is a record of a manager who once endeavored to overcome the need of "supers" for a performance of "Richard III," by having the fighting forces entirely represented by a panoramic host. This innovation was greeted with as much, if not more derision than fell to the lot of the unfortunate "super." The custom of augmenting the real "mobs" with painted ones, still prevails in our theatres with more or less effect.

AT one of the prominent theatres in New York, a well-known star was holding forth in a play which required the services of a number of "supers." Business had not been good and salaries failing to materialize, some members of the company refused to appear further but others were soon found to take their places without interfering with the performance. One night the "supers" demanded their salaries in advance, which being refused, simply because there was no money in the treasury, they all but one left the theatre. An "army" was absolutely needful for the continuance of the play, and how to compose that "army' out of one lone "supe" was the problem that confronted the stage manager. After a few moments of deliberation the resourceful director conceived a plan which he felt sure would solve the difficulty.

The scene where the services of the men was so imperative, represented a rocky defile through which the supposed "army" was to pass, while its apparently great numbers would overwhelm with awe the "villain" commanding the mythical opposing forces and whose attention was called to their numerical superiority by the "hero" exclaiming, "See, what a host! You are outnumbered! Surrender!" With all due haste the "supe" was dressed up with a helmet on his head, and broomsticks to carry in each hand. On each of these broomsticks a helmet was placed. The "army" was then instructed to extend his arms in either direction and pass through the painted defile, run quickly back of the scenes when out of view of the audience, and repeat the operation over and over, until an "army" sufficiently large enough had been shown to justify the demand. The scenery hid all but the tops of the helmets from the auditor's view and the scheme was working excellently when, just as the "army" was in one of its marching periods and had reached the centre of the stage, the scenery collapsed, and there stood the paralyzed "supe" in full view of the audience shaking in unison with his broomsticks and helmets. Needless to say the audience rose to the occasion, and showered upon that "army" such acclamations as never fell to any army before.

FOR many years supernumeraries of the theatres were the objects of almost constant ridicule by the patrons. At many of the so-called "popular-price" houses, the habitués of the galleries looked upon the "supe" as an hereditary enemy, and considered it their positive duty to audibly instruct, admonish and otherwise criticize them, which they did to the enjoyment of the auditors in the lower part of the house. When, as often happened, the "supers" appeared in tights, their tormentors would liken their limbs to those of the classic beauties of the burlesque stage. Such remarks as: "Say! you got Lyd Thompson beat a mile!" or "Hey! Bill! Put more stuffin' in 'em!" were frequent interpellations of "Richard III," and other plays. It was formerly the custom in theatres whenever a play required more than one scene in an act for its unfolding to use what were termed "front scenes." Often they would represent a furnished room, so that when it became necessary to change the scene, a "supe" was sent upon the stage to carry off the furniture. Immediately upon his appearance, cat-calls, whistling and abusive remarks regarding his personal appearance would greet the unfortunate individual from all parts of the house, while the derisive cry of "supe!" "supe!" would resound throughout the theatre. Another of the duties of the "supe" in former days was to shake a cloth painted to represent water, so that it would have the effect of waves, whenever a play required that scenic illusion. Others crawled under the cloth to assist in stirring up the painted ocean. At a performance requiring such an effect given in Niblo's Garden some years ago, the heroine of the play sat by "the sad sea waves," and gently purred, "how calm, how beautiful the bosom of the mighty ocean. But oh, what perils lurk beneath!" At that moment a "super" choking for want of air under the dusty cloth, poked his head through an opening and gave vent to a sneeze, which so upset the "heroine," she was unable to proceed and the curtain had to be lowered.

IN the "palmy days" of the theatre the "super" was an object of ridicule when he appeared upon the stage, and jeopardized the success of many performances in which they were engaged. When Charlotte Cushman presented "Meg Merriles," her audience was one moment held spellbound by her acting, and the next convulsed with laughter at the actions and grotesque manner of the supernumeraries by whom she was surrounded. A combination of the sublime and ridiculous.

Once when Mr. Booth was appearing at the old Star Theatre, the audience had to be dismissed owing to the non-appearance of the "supers" who had been engaged and rehearsed for that evening's performance. Through some error they had been told they would not be wanted until the next evening and as it was impossible to give the performance without them, the house was closed.

The elder Booth also had troubles with the "supes" of his time. When playing "Richard III" at the old Park Theatre in New York, he became so incensed at the stupidity of his supporting army, that, sword in hand, he chased the "varlets" out of the theatre through the stage door into the streets.

THE supernumeraries were formerly under the charge of a leader known as a "Captain," who was generally a performer of very small parts, such as servants, messengers, ringleader of the mob and similar rôles. Upon him devolved the task of gathering the men needed to represent soldiers, lords, peasants, a mob and other specimens of humanity who went to make up the stage "crowd." The management allowed the Captain twenty-five cents a performance for each person appearing, he settling with his followers himself. This afforded him an opportunity to add to his exchequer as many of the "supes" were quite willing to pay for the privilege of going on for the fun of the thing. Later the amount of pay was increased to fifty cents which, while it broadened the Captain's chance for swelling his bank account, eventually brought about his downfall. He would engage a "super," keep him for one night, dismissing him the next night without pay, on some trumped-up charge, put another in his place and repeat the transaction, pocketing the money himself. This proceeding became so notorious that the downtrodden "supe" arose in his might and rebelled. Forming themselves into a sort of union, they selected the most successful theatre where their services were essential, and refused to appear when the time came to go on the stage, unless they were accorded better treatment. Methods were reformed and the "supe" responded by becoming a more dignified and useful body.

It was always somewhat of a mystery as to where the "super" came from. He had no especial haunt and was mostly obtained by being advertised for. Many were young fellows with time hanging heavily on their hands, who sought the position for the purpose of getting behind the scenes, thus (*Concluded on page* 174)

From a portrait, copyright, by Ira L. Hill

MISS JANE COWL

FORTUNATE MISFORTUNES of THE STAGE

By VANDERHEYDEN FYLES

DO you happen to recollect a burlesque in which Sam Bernard undertook to teach Hattie Williams how to act? He sneered witheringly at the awkward manner of her entrance. Finally, thoroughly disgusted, he crossed the stage to the wings to illustrate the proper entrance. But half-way over he tripped; and this time it was the novice who "laughed last." In a towering rage, her instructor turned on her.

"That," he shrieked, pointing passionately to the spot where he had tripped; "that might happen to the smartest man!"

A few months ago an audience of New York "first nighters" were on the very tiptoe of expectancy by the time the moment was at hand for the début of the Imperial Russian Dancers. All lights were extinguished and the curtain lowered. Then lights burst forth and the drapery was raised to reveal a scene set for the dancers. The first—a man—appeared; bowed to the welcoming applause; danced a step or two, and slipped and fell. "Ah, but wait," was the general feeling. The second man appeared. He was mumbling as he entered. But as he spoke in Russian, Broadway could not be sure he was not swearing. He began dancing, but in a cautious way. Then the première danseuse appeared—a dainty little body who looked as though she could fly as easily as dance. Indeed, I believe she almost can. But she had hardly taken half a dozen steps when she too fell!

ALL mishaps of the stage are not misfortunes. There is a tradition that the odd little hop and skip that was one of the most famous oddities of E. A. Sothern's Dundreary—and is known to the present generation through its faithful reproduction by his son, E. H.—was the result of accident, not design. At a rehearsal of "Our American Cousin," as the comedy of "Lord Dundreary" was originally called, the Sothern of yesterday stood chatting with an actress of the company while waiting for his cue. We may assume that she was very charming, for the comedian forgot what he was waiting for. However, he caught his lines just in time to turn and run for it. He tripped over a strip of canvas, and nearly fell. Catching himself, he ambled into the scene with such a ludicrous hop, skip and jump as to set all the other players roaring. And that, if we care to believe an anecdote of an incident of before the Civil War—for, of course, everyone recalls that it was during a performance of this play that Wilkes murdered Lincoln—was the origin of the famous Dundreary skip.

We do not have to go so far back, however, for an unintentional success that was attained during a rehearsal at the Empire Theatre, in New York. A few seasons ago, an actress more admired for her beauty than her talent—graced with a figure of ethereal, undulating loveliness that made her seem a poem rather than a living creature—was cast for a leading rôle. She wore, in one act, a soft, white clinging gown. Charles Frohman and the author were watching the dress rehearsal from the rear of the auditorium. The "business" of the play directed the actress to "lean meditatively against a chair, gazing dreamily toward R." The Melisande—like actress did so—and no Melisande could have been lovelier. As the white chiffon wound about her figure she looked like some goddess delicately conceived in marble. Mr. Frohman, thinking the startling pose unconscious, started hurrying down the aisle to inform the actress. But the less modest author, fearing to lose the picture, hurried after him. Which reached the footlights first, I do not know, but, in any case, the picture remained an incident of the play throughout its run of two hundred nights in New York.

Sarony

EVA LE GALLIENNE

The seventeen-year-old daughter of Richard Le Gallienne, the well-known English poet, and heroine of "Mr. Lazarus," a new comedy now having a successful run in Chicago.

HAPPY accidents of the stage are not always so charming or so personal. During a rehearsal of one of Clyde Fitch's last, and especially successful, plays a hammering that would have driven almost any other author mad kept up, at one side of the stage. An anxious stage-manager finally told the plumbers they must stop. But when he came for a rehearsal the next morning, the din began again. The angry manager told the men to stop it, but Mr. Fitch interrupted him. For it seems the nerve-racking pipes suggested to the brilliant dramatist—most graphic reproducer of the trivialities and troubles of every-day American life—the incessant steam pipes which to anyone who recalls the first act of "Girls" remains in memory as one of the happiest bits of realism in that sketch of flat-life in New York.

A glance at fortunate misfortunes of the stage would seem incomplete indeed did it not include Henry Irving's odd manner of walking. Most people believed—and doubtless many still believe—that the peculiar way in which Sir Henry dragged one leg, adding to the weirdness of some of his greatest creations, and which served as the most characteristic oddity for his many imitators to seize upon, was an affectation. It remained for Miss Terry to assert positively after her confrère's death, that, instead of assuming it as a noticeable eccentricity, or even accentuating the queer gait, the great actor strove to conquer it. In short, one of his legs was considerably longer than the other and the walk which in almost anyone else would have been an affliction was, indeed a happy accident of nature.

ONE cannot think of Henry Irving without recalling his marvellous fall in Lord Tennyson's tragedy of "Becket," for it was in that play that he last appeared. He was aging and not well. To the last Joseph Jefferson, who died just six months after Sir Henry, caused surprise and some anxiety by his fall in "Rip van Winkle," but the fall was remarkable only because the comedian was so old. Also, his many, many years of Rip must have accustomed him to it. Much more remarkable was the fall with which J. H. Stoddart brought the third act of "The Bonnie Brier Bush" to a close. For he was considerably past seventy when, like Mrs. Gilbert, he made a belated début as a star before a people who long had loved him.

The daring by such veterans as Jefferson, Irving and Stoddart makes one smile a bit at the caution of some actresses. Many years ago, when W. H. Crane and Stuart Robson were quite the "latest thing" in "The Henrietta," no incident of the play was regarded as funnier than the moment in the Wall Street scene when Selina Fetter Royle fainted—or, rather, pretended to faint. Crane hurried across the room with a large arm-chair, but arrived just too late, and she landed with a bump on the floor. But when Mrs. Stuart Robson took the rôle, she allowed the chair to arrive in time to catch her.

OF course, you are familiar with "The Dancing Girl," by Henry Arthur Jones. One hardly could forget

(*Concluded on page* 172)

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

CORT. "COAT TALES." Farce comedy in three acts by Edward Clark. Produced on July 31st with this cast:

Max Mardelbaum	Willie Barrows
Mandelbaum	Hyman Adler
Artie Phipps	Richard Tabor
Clyde Allen	George Anderson
Jones	John Lewis
Jim Barnes	John Sharkey
William Turner	Tom Wise
Mrs. Allen	Margaret Green
Hazel Conners	Maud Hanaford
Mrs. Turner	Louise Dresser
Butler	Willis Evans
Deputy Sheriff	Cliff B. Deane

TO open with a farce, in which a sable coat played the principal part, on the very hottest evening of the season, was the fearful handicap that "Coat Tales" endured on its first night at the Cort It made a fair impression, but I doubt of its permanent success on Broadway.

Edward Clark is its author. I never heard of the gentleman before as an aspirant for literary honors, but what matters that? Better a beginner with a show of promise than a "name" imposing itself with tepid *ragouts* of previous triumphs. Mr. Clark shows decided promise.

His first act is capital. The second which explains the first is hampered by details that are naturally obvious. I'd recommend contraction because throughout it all, his dialogue is pertinent and concise.

The third act is based on the French model by piling up misunderstanding upon misunderstanding with the attendant result of many comic surprises. But he evidently tires of bringing about a logical conclusion and abruptly ends it all with many threads and stray ends still to be picked up. I'm glad he did it though. Mechanical precision sometimes defeats itself and only makes for perfect boredom.

A young man steals his sister's sable coat, puts it in hock and with the proceeds plays the races. The coat is bought by an innocent third person precipitating the usual complications. It finally gets back to its rightful owner and all ends well.

Tom Wise, jolly and comic, plays the rôle of an outward grouch. He is really funny. Louise Dresser is his blonde-like wife. She looks the part and brings to its rendering a nice easy convincing comedy method. George Anderson is the husband of the sable coat. He is perfectly competent and so is Richard Tabor as the graceless scamp who finally marries the pretty and naive stenographer, played most agreeably by Maud Hanaford. Two admirable bits were contributed by John Lewis as an absent-minded old office clerk, and by Hyman Adler, as a pawnbroker with a grievance.

COHAN. "SEVEN CHANCES." Comedy in three acts by Roi Cooper Megrue. Produced August 8th with this cast:

Jimmie Shannon	Frank Craven
Earl Goddard	Hayward Ginn
Billy Meekin	Otto Kruger
Ralph Denby	Charles Brokate
Joe Spence	Rowland Lee
Henry Garrison	Harry Leighton
George	Allen Thomas
Anne Windsor	Carroll McComas
Mrs. Garrison	Marion Abbott
Lilly Trevor	Anne Meredith
Peggy Wood	Emily Gallaway
Irene Trevor	Beverly West
Georgiana Garrison	Helen MacKeller
Florence Jones	Florence Deshon
Betty Brown	Alice Carroll
Marie Middleton	Lillian Spencer

A COMEDY, I would respectfully remind Mr. Roi Cooper Megrue, is "a farce written by an author who has since died." Inasmuch as Mr. Megrue is far from being a dead one, he might as well admit that "Seven Chances" is not a comedy. In fact, the only characterization I could discover in the play, beyond a few shadowy types, was that supplied by Frank Craven.

As the unwilling bachelor, whose uncle's will forced him to marry in haste one of the septette of eligibles his friends rounded up for him, Mr. Craven speaks many laughable lines pointedly and acts with unction—extreme unction.

Students of the mechanics of the drama would find "Seven Chances" a valuable object lesson, since none of its machinery is under cover. Along toward the end of Act I Otto Kruger remarked: "For the love of heaven, get to it!" and the request struck a responsive chord in this bosom. When they did get to it, it was only a series of proposals of marriage, which necessarily made for monotony.

Of course, the girls were different—one wanted romance, another a cave man, a third Plato, etc.—but there isn't a tremendous range of variety in proposing marriage. Not enough, at all events, for a three-act play.

Personally, I should prefer to have my farce spread less thin, and *crescendo* in fun rather than *diminuendo* as in the present instance. Out of "Seven Chances" you get only the one chance of being mildly amused, chiefly through the excellent work of Mr. Craven.

ELTINGE. "CHEATING CHEATERS." Play in four acts by Max Marcin. Produced on August 9th with this cast:

Steve Wilson	Robert McWade
Antonio Verdi	Edouard Durand
George Brockton	William Morris
Nell Brockton	Anne Sutherland
Nan Carey	Marjorie Rambeau
Ira Lazarre	Frank Monroe
Mrs. Palmer	Winnifred Harris
Grace Palmer	Gypsy O'Brien
Tom Palmer	Cyril Keightley
Edward Palmer	Arthur Barry
Phil Preston	William J. Phinney
Myron T. Hanley	Fletcher Harvey
Holmes	William Riley Hatch

THERE is much joy in store for expectant theatre-goers for Max Marcin's snappy play is delightful entertainment and that, too, in spite of the fact that in these progressive days of the drama it is just chockfull of crooks. It did seem as if the underworld had been sucked dry for stage purposes.

Marcin knows his police headquarters from A to Z. If Commissioner Woods ever wants outside help he should call in the youthful Max. "Cheating Cheaters" is a succession of "punches" and surprises. Even on the second night when those in front might be supposed to know something of the plot from reading the morning papers, a perfect gasp of astonishment went up at the end of the second act followed by roars of laughter and tumultuous applause.

What was it all about? It would be wicked to explain and I for one am not going to rob a prospective

visitor of any of his inherent rights of pleasure and surprise. Suffice it to say that a capital story is unfolded in which ten crooks out of a total dramatis personæ of thirteen weave a plot and counter plot that keeps one guessing from the rise of the curtain until the final fall thereof.

Laughter, tears, romance and thrills alternate in ingenious succession. "Cheating Cheaters" is a corker of its kind.

It is a splendid cast, too, that Mr. Woods has gathered together. Robert McWade, a sterling actor who never fails to score, again hits the bull's eye. Edouard Durand is latin to his finger tips. William Morris and Anne Sutherland are admirable in types that require suavity and characteristic expression. Frank Monroe, who usually exposes crime, is this time a criminal shyster lawyer and a most convincing one. Cyril Keightley is débonnair, earnest and effective in a new phase of criminology. The piquante charming Marjorie Rambeau, with a method all her own, plays the leading feminine rôle with true authority and underlying feeling.

LYCEUM. "PLEASE HELP EMILY." Comedy in three acts by H. M. Harwood. Produced on August 14th with this cast:

Emily Delmar	Ann Murdock
George Delmar	Hubert Druce
Sir Sam'l Lethbridge	Kenyon Musgrave
Lady Lethbridge	Maud Milton
Julia Marchmont	Alice John
Miss Mason	Bellevue Lewis
Richard Trotter	Charles Cherry
Herbert Threadgold	Ferdinand Gottschalk
Francis	John Harwood
Cyrus P. Bennett	Sydney Blair
M. Rose	J. J. Horwitz
René Dufour	Jules Raucourt
Lady of the Big Hat	Alice Hale
A Detective	Joseph Allenton
A Gendarme	Hen. Probst
A Belgian	Anton Ascher
A Waiter	Vernon Kelso
Servant	Wallis Gibson

BRITISH dramatists are singularly expert in weaving plays out of the thinnest of materials. "Please Help Emily," which served to introduce Miss Ann Murdock as a star at the opening of the Frohman season is another instance of their dexterity in this direction.

Emily is a wilful, irresponsible young person who "looks like a demi" and flirts with every man she meets. One night she evades the vigilance of her guardians, spends her time at a dancehall and, afraid to go home, takes refuge in the rooms of Dick Trotter who, incidentally, is engaged to one Julia. Here we have the familiar scene of the heroine invading the bachelor's apartment during his absence, occupying his bathroom and afterwards his bed. It sounds *risqué* but it isn't. The conventions are carefully guarded as in all nicely regulated English comedies. The naughtiest thing Emily does is to don her masculine friend's pajamas and wriggle her bare toes at an admiring audience. In the next act she is breakfasting with him at a hotel in Ostend, with the usual accompaniment of mistaken identities and artificial comedy, played in the manner of broad farce. The third act is tiresome and full of repetitions.

The piece is talky, loosely constructed and only mildly diverting. It has the slenderest of plots, dialogue that is witty in spots but far from brilliant and hackneyed situations that have done service ever since the dawn of drama. But it serves its purpose as a vehicle to exploit the charming personality of a young actress who has all the earmarks of a successful star. Vivacious, full of girlish charm, Miss Murdock, with her fluffy, reddish hair and kittenish manner is the life of the piece. On the opening night she was obviously nervous and overacted. At times her exuberance and feverish activity became monotonous. But she looked cute in her pajamas and in many of her scenes was positively bewitching.

Charles Cherry, evidently finding little inspiration in the part of Dick Trotter, was a nonchalant lover and gave a colorless performance. Ferdinand Gottschalk, always a delightful comedian, is seen in one of his typical comic bounder rôles, of which he has long made a specialty, and John Harwood scored some of the heartiest laughs of the evening as a philosophical manservant. All of the cast were competent with the exception of Sidney Blair, who, in a dress suit suggestive of Houndsditch rather than Hanover Square, was *gauche* and artificial as a slangy American. When will British playwrights cease putting these caricature Yankees in their drawing room comedies? They are as untrue to life as Lord Dundreary and his side whiskers are of the modern Englishman.

LONGACRE. "THE SILENT WITNESS." Play in a prologue and three acts by Otto Hauerbach. Produced August 10th with this cast:

Sarah Blakely	Mrs. Jacques Martin
Norman Blakely	Edward Langford
Helen Hastings	Emelie Polini
Rigsby	David Higgins
Bud Morgan	Donald Gallaher
Janet Rigsby	Miriam Dayle
John Pelham	Paul Everton
Ruth Pelham	Maud Gilbert
Mr. Weldon	De Witt Jennings
Wilbur Weldon	Will Gregory, Jr.
Richard Morgan	Henry Kolker

A JIGGER of "Common Clay," a half jigger of "Madame X," and a dash of "Mrs. Dane's Defense," are among the ingredients of which Mr. Otto Hauerbach mixes his melodramatic cocktail, "The Silent Witness." The result is far from ineffective. The piece has an undoubted kick in it. For good measure there is thrown in one of the funniest of unintentionally funny stage lights New York has seen, and that's saying "some" when you recall the comic manslaughter in "Back Home." I always know the stage adventuress the minute I see that badge of infamy, the cigarette. But Mr. Hauerbach has taught me to recognize the "juvenile heavy" by the wrist watch he wears.

"The Silent Witness" is good old-fashioned coincidence melodrama. Every seventh minute it pins logic to the mat and blacks the other eye. In good set terms the father of the "juvenile heavy" denounces "these beggar students" that clutter up the most amazing university campus ever depicted on the stage. And the author's idea of holding a situation is to have Emelie Polini stand down centre, wringing her hands and repeating "You don't understand!" *ad lib.*

Coincidence is never probable, always merely possible. Just why we should flay a possibility melodrama for not being a probability play is more than I can tell. Does it grip and thrill? It does. Then it's good melodrama. "The Silent Witness" violates the sacred First Commandment of the theatre—"Never be dull"——only in occasional spots. The rest of the time it makes 'em laugh, makes 'em weep, makes 'em wait. I call that full value for two dollars, especially when, in addition to the very effective acting of Miss Polini and Mr. Kolker there is added the art of Donald Gallaher, who from time to time makes you forget he is acting at all.

HELEN MacKELLER

LILLIAN SPENCER

ANNE MEREDITH

Jimmie Shannon, played by Frank Craven, is a young bachelor and woman hater. He cannot even bear the sight of women around the Yacht Club, on Ladies' Day. He sees no reason why there should be any Ladies' Day. But Jimmie has a rich grandfather who is a stickler for the old-fashioned idea of marriage. The grandfather believes strongly that the best thing every young man can do is to marry early and decides upon a scheme to force Jimmie to marry before he has reached a certain age. Accordingly, he makes his will leaving all his millions to Jimmie provided the young man marries and lives at least a year with his wife before he reaches the age of thirty. Jimmie does not know of such a clause in his grandfather's will, and is plugging along in a broker's office at a modest salary. The young man has been investing on his own account and is in a bad scrape. His club friends decide that something must be done to get him out of his difficulties. It is then that a young lawyer tells about the will, they having read of the death of the grandfather in Europe that day. The news is then broken to Jimmie that he must be married before he is thirty, and he has only forty eight hours in which to get himself a wife. Then begins the hunt for a woman for Jimmie to marry, and from this is derived the name of the play. For Jimmie has just seven chances before he finally marries the girl he actually loves and really did love all along, despite himself and his views of bachelorhood.

JIMMIE (FRANK CRAVEN) AND HIS SEVEN CHANCES

Photos White

FLORENCE DESHON

EMILY CALLAWAY

BEVERLY WEST

CARROLL McCOMAS

SCENES IN ROI COOPER MEGRUE'S COMEDY "SEVEN CHANCES" AT THE COHAN

MAXINE ELLIOTT. "Broadway and Buttermilk." Comedy with songs by Willard Mack. Produced on August 15th with this cast:

Mrs. Mary Denby	Helen Lowell
Mrs. Amanda Hodge	Josephine Morse
Ruth Denby	Fayette Perry
Asa Denby	Tommy Meade
Major Dunworthy Hawes	Rapley Holmes
Eldridge Pickens	Wallace Owen
"Madame" Nadine (Jane O'Day)	Blanche Ring
Harry White	Charles Walton
Hank Woolwine	Charles Withers
Celia Hodge	Rea Martin
Tom Burrows	William P. Carleton
Franklin Abbott	Calvin Thomas

THIS is surely a season of theatrical antiquarianism. The initial experiments of Messrs. Belasco, Frazee, McKay, *et al*, on the Great White Way make Brander Matthew's Columbia Museum look like a display of dramatic novelties. Certainly no one but an actor—with his eye not on life, but on a multitude of ancient stage traditions—could have written "Broadway and Buttermilk," Willard Mack's latest offering. Its collection of musty types, the like of which have never existed on land or sea, and its infantile plot are saved—if salvation be for such—only by the vast quantity of extravagant slang and the unfailing geniality exuded by Miss Blanche Ring. Ultimately this forced and obvious slang palls, especially when much of it is used by the flip city milliner, Madame Nadine, in heartless raillery aimed at her guileless rural friends. Only the fact that none of these rustics ever for a moment seems real softens the falsity of it.

"Broadway and Buttermilk" is an excellent country school dialogue. "Our village scenario," one of the players called it, and that phrase satisfied me. Mr. Mack goes back to Scribe for his method and uses the entire first act for his "exposition"—all of which might have been related in two lines. Shortly after Act II has given birth to the story, the offspring dies of infantile paralysis. For the rest, it is one of those good old pieces so dear to the hearts of our grandparents.

The acting is for the most part as much as might be expected. Miss Ring is Miss Ring, charming as always, but she needs good songs badly. Helen Lowell does rather better work than usual. Miss Josephine Morse, looking very like the Duchess in "Alice in Wonderland," is one of the most successful of the caricatures. Mr. Charles Withers out of vaudeville is exactly the same as he is in it.

After the first curtain a man behind me said, "And yet he's supposed to be a great author. Maybe it'll get better later on."

But it didn't.

REPUBLIC. "His Bridal Night." Farce in three acts by Lawrence Rising. Revised by Margaret Mayo. Produced August 16th with this cast:

Joe Damorel	John Westley
Lent Trevett	Pedro De Cordoba
Vi (Mrs. Joe Damorel)	Rozika Dolly
Tiny (Vi's Sister)	Yansci Dolly
Julie	Lucile Watson
Sloan	Jessie Ralph
Algernon	Harry Lillford
Chauffeur	J. Archer Curtis

FROM Plautus to the present day the dual personality has been utilized as a theatrical factor, and usually with success. "His Bridal Night" (a title that "suggests" more than it realizes), the new offering at the Republic, is based on this idea. It is a palpable and persistent effort on the part of Lawrence Rising, aided and abetted by Margaret Mayo, to sail as close to the moral wind as possible without stirring up that great preserver of public purity, the police.

Still, I don't think anyone need get unduly excited. The piece is mildly ingenious, has some bright, albeit raw lines; but is calculated at times to bore quite as much as shock.

The bridegroom of twin sisters starts on his honeymoon with the wrong one. A persistent suitor for the bride humorously butts in, and a sequence of situations arise as critically naughty as daring ingenuity can invent.

The Dolly Sisters are the twin stars as the twin sisters. Their close resemblance helps the illusion. Once they dance and are as charmingly graceful and poetically piquant as ever. As actresses they have been well drilled, but the effort is speedily manifest and tiresome as a result.

Pedro De Cordoba is admirable as the persistent suitor, acting with a serious consistency that is effectively humorous. The husband is played by John Westley, and two incidental rôles of minor importance are enacted with deft skill by Lucile Watson and Jessie Ralph. A sophisticated brother, who constantly interrupts, is well played by Harry Lillford.

GAIETY. "Turn to the Right!" Play in three acts by Winchell Smith and John E. Hazzard. Produced on August 18th with this cast:

Joe Bascom	Forrest Winant
Muggs	Wm. E. Meehan
Gilly	Frank Nelson
Deacon Tillinger	Samuel Reed
Sam Martin	Edgar Nelson
Lester Morgan	Roy Fairchild
Callahan	Harry Humphrey
Isadore	Abraham Sincoff
Moses	George Spelvin
Mrs. Bascom	Ruth Chester
Elsie Tillinger	Louise Rutter
Betty Bascom	Lucy Cotton
Jessie Strong	Alice Hastings
Katie	Justine Adams

THERE is a distinct advantage in sticking to well-established and successful formulæ. Just give them a new twist and you have turned out something that the public will accept with avidity.

"Turn to the Right" is in for a long run, and the reason why is that it accepts some of the sure fire devices of the stage embellished with crook features of up-to-date creation.

Joe Bascom serves a year in prison. The fact is unknown to his sainted mother and sister. He returns to their peach farm only to find they are about to lose it through the rapacity of a skinflint deacon. Two of Joe's prison mates turn up, and by their professional skill relieve the situation. Their moral regeneration is worked out through the sainted mother, the fortunes of all are established by the business sense of a shrewd country youth who finds a profitable market for the jams the sainted mother turns out. Joe gets a wife, he was never guilty of the crime he was charged with and the two regenerated crooks find bucolic spouses.

Sounds a shade conventional. Well it is and it isn't. "The pathetic stuff" is piled on, to my thinking, more cloying than the jam of the plot, but the humorous touches are deliciously ingenious and the humorous side of the piece provokes a constant howl of unalloyed delight.

The safe breaking crook is admirably acted by Frank Nelson; his ready witted, slangy, cheerful, resourceful friend, "Muggs the dip," is a characterization of pure joy as played by Wm. E. Meehan, while the country boy with the business head is another gem of unexaggerated rural character.

Forrest Winant is human and manly as Joe Bascom; Samuel Reed very typical as the deacon, and Ruth Chester, as the sainted mother, very sweet and touching.

Photo Stephen W. Roach

FANIA MARINOFF

as Ariel in the Drama Society's production of "The Tempest"

STANDARDIZING AN ACTRESS

By ADA PATTERSON

STANDARDIZATION—the establishment of a fixed pattern for all of a kind—is in the air. They have standardized foods. Dr. Harvey Wiley, once of the United States Pure Food Bureau, brought about that end. Infants have been standardized. During Baby Week it was learned just what height and weight and circumference must be attained to be a perfect baby. Any judge at a dog show will gravely tell you of the unvarying standard for every breed of dog. An eminent throat specialist is writing a book on the standardization of the human voice. Behold! A further step! Actresses should be standardized.

No grave, bearded scientist would dare so bold a stride in the progress of the arts and sciences, but two actresses have so essayed. They have spoken in accents of authority. One is known as well by the soubriquet, "The Little Star," as by her own name. Mabel Taliaferro is tired of being little, of hearing that she is "cute," of being told that she is dainty when her soul swells with the desire to be dignified. She is a-weary of her lack of inches, impatient of her brevity of stature.

The other is another extreme in the scale of human height. True Jobyna Howland set the fashion in Gibson girls, created them in fact, for she was the original of the Gibson girls. It was the accident of her calling at his studio one day, in a girlish quest for employment, that inspired Charles Dana Gibson to make his first sketches of the excessively tall, extremely languid, exceedingly haughty genre of beauties that brought himself and them within the golden circle of fame, the Gibson girls. Her inches were her fortune and were prized by Miss Howland. But there is a great gulf between the studio and stage. In testimony whereof many mangled hopes lie at bottom of the chasm in mute warning to other soarers.

THE transition to the stage accomplished, Miss Howland became conscious of her inches, acutely conscious of them, painfully aware. There are ten inches of difference between the tiny actress I have named and the tall one. Inevitably there is a difference in their point of view. One perforce habitually looks up. The other, for reasons as unalterable, looks customarily down. Yet upon one focal point is the vision of both fixed. They agree that in the case of an actress it is a misfortune to be very tall or very small. To rid herself of all the handicaps in the success race she should be of a height generally deemed moderate.

By process of reasoning, beginning at necessarily divergent points, they agreed to an inch and a pound upon the standardized actress. To be neither too short nor too tall, her stature must be five feet five inches. To be neither too weighty, nor too lean, she must be of one hundred twenty-five pounds avoirdupois.

Miss Howland was convinced that the greatest misfortune for an actress is to be tall. The distinction of being the original Gibson girl, mother, so to speak, of the long line of supercilious beauties that Charles Dana Gibson immortalized in black and white and that were exceedingly popular for nearly a decade, she is disposed to ignore. "Then" is a time remote to the facile American consciousness. "Now" is indeed the accepted time. Wherefore Miss Howland's plaint.

It is useless to remind her that, in her robe of gold, her complexion literally of gold leaf, her golden hair and the sceptre of the goddess which she bore, she was one of the belles of the Ball of the Gods last winter.

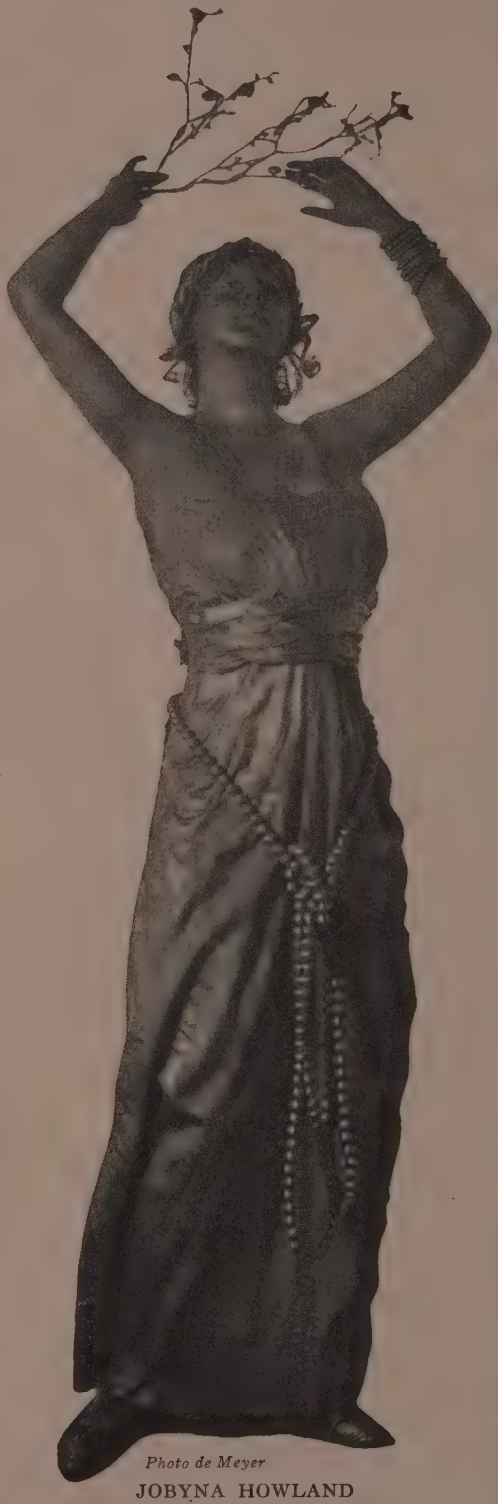

Photo de Meyer

JOBYNA HOWLAND

One of the tallest actresses on our stage and the original Gibson girl

Reduced to simplest terms Miss Howland's quarrel with the drama is "I'm six feet tall and I can't get a lover."

"Seems to me I've heard—" I began murmurously.

"It will not do to have a stage lover of your own height."

SHE ignored the implication. "He must be taller. Given a man and woman of the same height and the woman looks much taller. I should be made love to by a man of six feet three or four inches. Where can you find him?"

"James K. Hackett?"

"I was his leading woman."

"Stanley Dark?"

"He was my fiancé in the play, 'Ourselves.'"

"Lou-Tellegen?"

"I would make him look little. It's as bad on the screen as on the stage. A woman can lean down to the love maker. She can relax her hip and can drop her shoulder. It helps the love scene, but makes her look awkward and gives her a reputation for being clumsy. 'Playing down' to someone is the opposite of graceful. On the stage that is nearly fatal.

"There's another reason why it is genuinely unfortunate to be a tall actress. Height is a challenge. It is a command. 'Look at me and only me' it says. While a player is youthful and crude this is a detriment. People will look at her wherever she stands, if it be in the back row of the chorus, and they will note the imperfections due to inexperience. So she creates a bad first impression.

Her height causes her to dwarf other persons on the stage, to make them seem insignificant. This annoys them. Annoyance becomes anger. Anger becomes protest. She is never welcomed into a company. Once in, the others of the company want her out of it. Some of the members of the company don't scruple to request that she leave. Their plea to the manager has some logic. They say she is disproportionate, that the combination of her height and the brevity of others is inartistic.

"There is a very practical handicap for a tall actress. It is an argument before which I am dumb."

Miss Howland, disconsolate, defiant, threw down the gauntlet. "Name a very tall actress who is successful."

I named six. "None as tall as I am," she insisted. "None six feet. No. She gives the critics no chance to be original. If they want to say something pleasant about her they say: 'She is a statuesque beauty.' That doesn't help her reputation as an actress. 'Statuesque' implies that she has the static quality. An actress must be dynamic. A woman may be statuesque but get no farther than the show girl stage. What has become of the tall show girl? She is no more. Nobody will have her.

"Away from the stage? Yes. There the tall woman finds some comfort. A tall woman, who isn't bad looking, (*Concluded on page* 174)

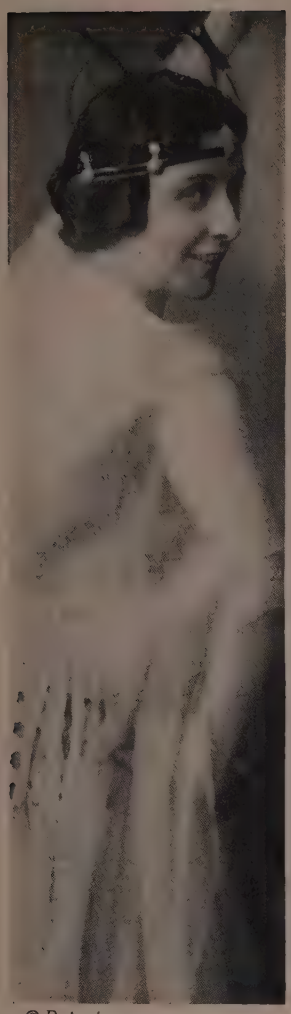

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Photo Baron de Meyer

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MR. AND MRS. LOU-TELLEGEN IN THEIR NEW YORK HOME

The golden throated prima donna, Geraldine Farrar, and her husband, the star of the drama and the screen, Lou-Tellegen, seem by all outward evidence and the report of intimate friends, to be ideally happy. Their honeymoon has been protracted into the seventh month of wedlock. Miss Farrar is a converted bachelor maid. She once declared: "I shall never marry. The men of Europe can make love to you but can't earn the money to take care of you. The men of America can earn the money to take care of you but can't make love. A woman can't marry both." Miss Farrar enjoys vision too clear to be dazzled by a title. To her is credited the indignant exclamation: "I marry a duke? Never. Dukes aren't worth a damn." The pair are now occupying a rose wreathed villa in Los Angeles, where they are engaged in acting before the camera.

NOVEL ACTS IN VAUDEVILLE

By NELLIE REVELL

WITH so eminent an authority as Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree declaring for vaudeville on the theory that it provides the style of entertainment most acceptable after dinner, it rather looks as if, in the language of Dr. Munyon, that "there is hope" for that form of entertainment.

As Sir Herbert diagnoses the case in solemnly prescribing variety for the tired business man and his wife, and his uncles and aunts and nephews and nieces, "after a good repast the average man is not revengeful, he is not repentant, his mind does not soar to the heights of imagination or descend to the depths of despair; his animal nature is uppermost during the process of digestion, and in this state he will prefer the gentle titillation of a comic song to the dogma of the drama."

Retrospection of the past year in the two-a-day and contemplation of the future forces the conclusion that the melting pot of the amusement world—for the vaudeville drawing on the operatic, dramatic, concert and musical comedy stages for its talent, and vice versa, it becomes established as nothing more or less than the clearing house for artists—has entered upon one of its most pretentious epochs in beginning the season of 1916-17.

New personalities upon its stages, new writers providing its vehicles, new circuits projected, and new amalgamations and affiliations of old circuits, all augur for a period of great activity the coming year.

A LIST of "names of stars who appeared in vaudeville last season reads almost like the contents of "Who's Who In the World of Music and the Drama." Among them were: Calvé, Eleanora de Cisneros, Mme. Donald 'Ayre, Mme. Chilsom-Ohrman, Caroline White, Ciccolini, Nazimova, Ruth St. Denis, Weber and Fields, Sam Bernard, Hattie Williams, Richard Carle, Julia Dean, Lily Lantry, Laura Hope Crews, Wilton Lackaye, Irene Franklin, Emma Carus, Nora Bayes, Stella Mayhew, Alexander Carr, Marie Tempest, Laura Nelson Hall, George Nash, Helene Lackaye, G. Aldo Randegger, Nat Goodwin, Maude Fealy, Emmett Corrigan, Thomas A. Wise, Willard Mack, Helen Ware, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, Mary Shaw, Elsie Janis, Fritzi Scheff, Lulu Glaser, Anna Held, Marie Cahill, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, Lillian Russell, Bertha Kalich, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Florence Nash, Henrietta Crosman, and scores of other luminaries resplendent in the theatrical firmament, and all calculated to prove the managers' contention that there is none too brilliant for vaudeville.

A host of authors heretofore unidentified with variety offerings bid for popularity. For instance, there was John L. Golden, who writes not only for the biggest playhouse, the Hippodrome, but for one of the smallest, the Princess, as well. Mr. Golden contributed the atmospheric "River of Souls," a feature of one of the Lambs' Club's Gambols, where it so fascinated Mr. Martin Beck, managing director of the Orpheum Circuit, that he purchased it and sent it on a tour of his theatres, charming audiences everywhere.

PERHAPS the most unique record was scored byby Willard Mack, one of the most prolific of the modern writers for the theatre, who presented four successful sketches four weeks in succession at the Palace, Broadway's most magnificent temple of variety. In two of these Mr. Mack appeared himself, "An Eye for an Eye" and "A Double Exposure," while the third, "Pansy's Particular Punch," serving as the vehicle for the incorrigible Florence Nash, earned the most plaudits. His fourth was "Who Is She?" in which Joseph Bernard & Co. appeared.

From one of the Lambs' Gambols, a constantly yielding source of origin which gives to vaudeville many of its cleverest sketches and most interesting tabloid dramas, came also Roy Atwell's "A Christmas Letter," a pathetic touch of theatrical life "on the road," in which Thomas A. Wise played a property man so humanly and so feelingly that there was genuine indignation among vaudeville devotees when he curtailed his tour to start rehearsals for a legitimate production. Warwick Williams and Gordon Johnstone are two other writers who may be listed among the newcomers in vaudeville. They wrote "The Bomb" for Wilton Lackaye.

Reaching out at random, one finds among the authors new to two-a-day patrons such personages as Charles T. Dazey, best known for his "In Old Kentucky," who wrote "Justified" for Helen Ware; Sidney M. Tatron Hirsch, prominent in Greek play affairs, who did the "Passion Plays of Washington Square" for the Bandbox Theatre, where the vigilant Mr. Beck saw it and immediately appropriated it for his theatres; John Willard, who created "Marie Rosa," a war playlet in which Julia Dean appeared; S. Jay Kaufman, the column conductor on the New York *Globe*, whose "Kisses" recently re-introduced Arnold Daly to variety at the Palace; Everett S. Ruskay, responsible for "Cranberries" and "Forty Winks"; and Hugh Herbert, whose signature appeared as the author of "Discontent," "Prosperity," "Prediction," and "When the Tide Turned."

BUT the writers of masculine persuasion did not contribute all the successes. The gentler sex is splendidly represented. There were those who teamed with male playwrights, as witness Harriet Ford and Harvey O'Higgins collaborating to achieve "The Dickey Bird" for Mary Shaw, and ditto Clara Lipman and Samuel Shipman, co-authors of "Honor Thy Children," and there were those who joined forces, as in the case of Ethel Clifton and Brenda Fowler. And there were still others who worked individually and independent of all alliances, either male or female.

Among the latter, probably the most conspicuous is Frances Nordstrom, sister of Marie Nordstrom (Mrs. Henry Dixey), and for whom she arranged "Bits of Acting." For herself Miss Nordstrom wrote "All Wrong." For Laura Nelson Hall she conceived "The Cat and the Kitten," which is now touring the Orpheum circuit; for Flo Irwin she wrote "Tea Cup Inn," and for Henrietta Crosman, "Cousin Eleanore."

The Misses Clifton and Fowler have been most industrious. In addition to writing their own vehicle, "The Saint and the Sinner," they evolved "The Devil He Did" for J. K. Emmett, "The Decision of Gov. Loche" for Claude Gillingwater, "The Coward" for Lillian Kingsbury, and "The Late Van Camp."

Another woman author who came to the fore was Alice Gerstenberg with "Overtones" for Helene Lackaye.

MENTION of the woman writers in vaudeville is not complete without reference to Blanche Merrill, creator of the material used so effectively by Eva Tanguay, and who by many is credited with having had more to do with the eccentric comedienne's vogue than any other single agency. For years Miss Merrill has been contributing Miss Tanguay's numbers, and despite her steady output she has managed to maintain the same standard. Fanny Brice, Lillian Shaw and several other comediennes of vaudeville and musical comedy popularity have Miss Merrill to thank for supplying them with material that won the praise of the critics, the applause of the public and the fat envelopes of the managers.

Of course, vaudeville's good old standby, Edgar Allan Woolf, proved himself as prolific as of yore, and contributed several successes, including Laura Hope Crew's recently presented playlet, "Her Husband's Wife," arranged from A. E. Thomas's comedy of the same name, and in which Sibyl Klein, who in private life is Mrs. William Harris, Jr., made her return to the stage. Another regular vaudeville contributor is Aaron Hoffman, among whose work may be mentioned "The Unexpected" for George Nash, and "The Cherry Tree" for Harry Green. John B. Hymer, who is also not unknown to variety patrons, submitted "Petticoats," which enjoyed its share of success.

While it has no place in the record of achievements for the past year, still an incident worthy of note in this chronicle was the unfortunate experience of Nat Goodwin in reviving at the Palace one of Paul Armstrong's sketches, "A Blaze of Glory." The playlet did not win the favor of the audience; in fact, its reception at the Monday matinée was such that it was immediately withdrawn, and that night Mr. Goodwin was heard in a monologue in which he continued for the balance of the week.

The great war, as is true with almost every phase of American life, had its effect on vaudeville. One thing it did, if it didn't absolutely prevent, was to restrict the flight of the song birds back to Europe at the conclusion of the grand opera season, with the result that so many remained in this country that they just naturally found vaudeville a habitat for them. There was much joy among variety patrons in consequence, for they comprise a section of amusement seekers keenly appreciative of good music.

THE new season looms up with a promise of momentous developments. Keen interest is focused in the vaudeville circuit projected by William Morris in association with Oliver Morosco and John Cort. (*Continued on page* 178)

© Ira L. Hill

IRENE FRANKLIN

Photo Moffett

HELENE LACKAYE

Photo Floyd

MARY SHAW

Photo Apeda

LAURA NELSON HALL

FOUR FAVORITES OF THE VAUDEVILLE STAGE

HOW THE PLAYGOER IS PROTECTED FROM FIRE

By ROBERT ADAMSON
FIRE COMMISSIONER OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

PROTECTING theatre audiences from panic and fire dangers has received much attention during my administration. Plans have been devised for acquainting the audiences with exits and fire dangers, and it might be said that fire prevention lessons have been taught theatregoers by means of distribution of literature, the giving of lantern lectures in theatres and by exhibition of motion picture films.

Of course, the fundamentals of fire protection in theatres rests with building construction and the carrying out of technical fire prevention precautions.

A New York theatre to-day is one of the safest buildings in the world, so far as protection from fire is concerned. Every safeguard against fire has been thrown around audiences who patronize the playhouses, and much has been done to minimize the possibility of panic. Supervision of the theatres by officials responsible for the enforcement of laws, ordinances and regulations for the prevention of fire is constant.

VERY few theatregoers know the numerous precautions taken by the Fire Department to see that theatres are properly protected. Behind the scenes of every theatre is installed an adequate sprinkler equipment over the stage and dressing rooms. The sprinkler heads would automatically open in case of fire and throw water in a quantity sufficient, except under very unusual circumstances, to extinguish the fire. In addition to this, there are many auxiliary fire appliances, hose lines, extinguishers, fire buckets, etc. In the basement of every theatre is a pumping device which begins to work automatically the instant any of the standpipe connections running through the theatre are opened. This pump is really a stationary fire-engine capable of throwing not less than 250 gallons of water a minute. It continues throwing water at great pressure so long as the hose valve is open. This pump is operated by electrical control, and responds instantly and unfailingly whenever the pipes are open.

Independent of the powerful pumps in the basement there is on the roof of each theatre a tank containing not less than 3,500 gallons of water. Should the water in this tank fall below a certain level, an indicator rings. In this case the pump usually begins to work automatically and fills the tank to the required level.

ON each side of the stage, high, solid brick walls run from the basement of the theatre up to and four feet above the level of the roof, entirely cutting off the stage from the audience with the exception of the open space occupied by the curtain. In the event of fire the asbestos curtain drops down and closes this opening, forming a complete wall to prevent the fire from reaching the audience. The asbestos curtain may be dropped instantly by the cutting of thin cords at the side of the curtain. Knives for cutting these cords are always in place.

Through the solid brick wall that extends from the basement to the roof, various apertures must be cut in different places for the passage of people back and forth, though no door can be cut in the proscenium wall above the stage level. Every door in these apertures is a "fire door." It is usually made of wood, covered with tin, lock-jointed so as to prevent fire from passing through it. These doors are kept in position by counter-balanced weights. A mechanism known as a "fusible link" is attached to the chains holding the doors in position. This link will melt when exposed to one hundred and sixty-five degrees of heat. In melting it releases weights which close the doors automatically.

OVER the stage of each theatre is a skylight so arranged that it will open automatically when fire occurs. This lets out the heat and smoke and draws the fire up and out of the theatre, away from the audience. The cutting of a single cord or its burning away by the fire itself, or the melting of a "fusible link," opens the skylight and thus allows the free passage of air, smoke and flames.

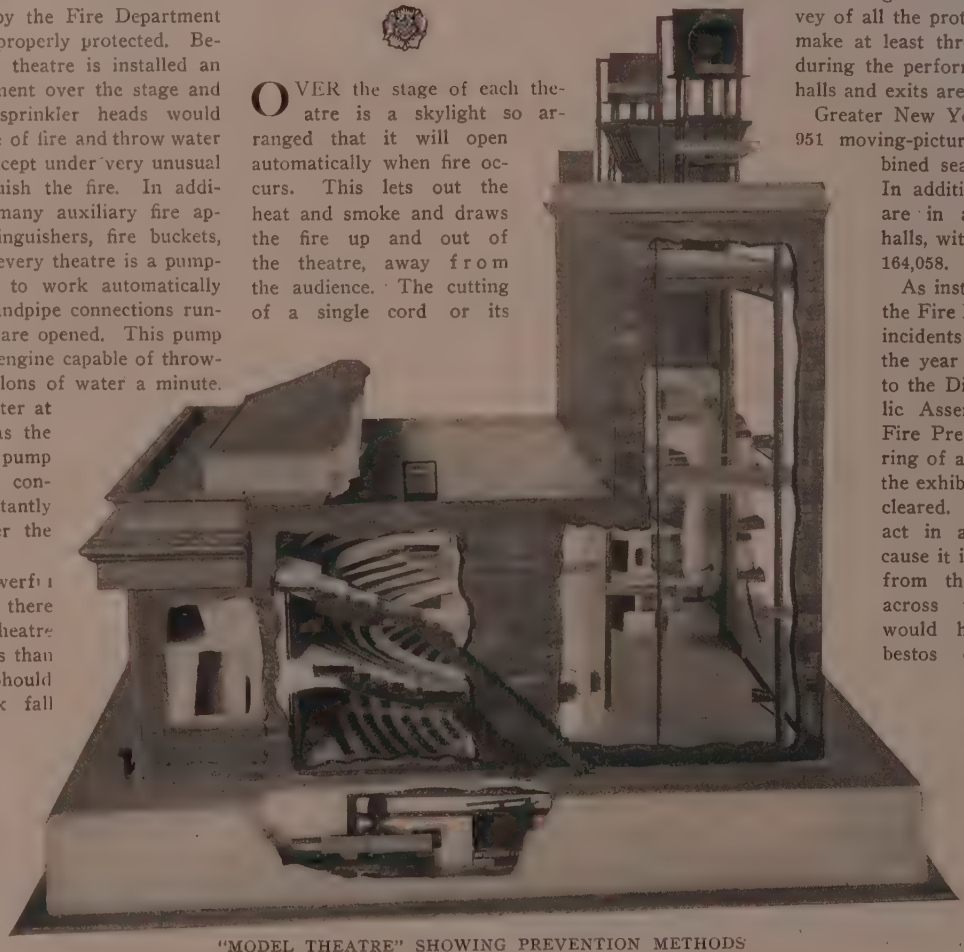
Each theatre has special fire-alarm boxes connected directly with Fire Headquarters. Any alarm sent in from a theatre is sure to be responded to in a few seconds.

Exit doors in theatres are required to be kept unlocked or to be equipped with an ingenious device called a "panic bolt," which opens the door should anyone on the inside fall against it. This bolt is connected to a long bar running across the door. The panic bolt yields to the least pressure from within.

TO every performance in every theatre where there is a stage and scenery used the Fire Department sends a uniformed fireman. He must reach the theatre one-half hour before the performance begins and must make a complete inspection of the entire building. He must open and shut all exits, try all fire doors, examine the asbestos curtain with rope attachments, skylights and extinguishers and make a general survey of all the protective devices. He must make at least three tours of the building during the performance and see to it that halls and exits are not blocked by standees.

Greater New York has 200 theatres and 951 moving-picture houses, with a combined seating capacity of 712,684. In addition to these places there are in all boroughs 791 dance halls, with a combined capacity of 164,058.

As instances of the vigilance of the Fire Department the following incidents may be recalled. During the year 1915, a fireman assigned to the Division of Places of Public Assembly of the Bureau of Fire Prevention, climbed into the ring of a boxing club and stopped the exhibition until the aisles were cleared. A lieutenant stopped an act in a vaudeville theatre because it included a cable stretched from the gallery to the stage across the curtain line, and would have prevented the asbestos curtain being lowered in case of emergency. Another member of the uniformed force caused an act to be discontinued owing to the fact that a platform extended from the stage down the main aisle to the rear passageway in such a manner that it obstructed the free use of the aisle. The theatre would not have been permitted to open if the platform were not removed.



"MODEL THEATRE" SHOWING PREVENTION METHODS FOR PROTECTING AUDIENCES FROM FIRE DANGERS

This model was built by the New York Fire Department to illustrate how applied Fire Prevention protects theatre audiences from fire. It shows sprinkler and stand-pipe tanks on roof; automatic ventilator; on right hand sides are dressing rooms, and fire escapes therefrom; over stage and dressing rooms are sprinklers; to right, are shown fire axes, hose racks, and section of proscenium walls; in basement, is the automatic fire pump; fire escape stairways leading from galleries are also shown. Audiences from galleries now use separate exits from main portion of house, thus avoiding congestion.

George Anderson Maud Hanaford Tom Wise

ACT. II. WILLIAM (Mr. Wise): "I DIDN'T MEAN TO KISS YOU"

To a pawnbroker's shop, comes a worried youth with a fabulous fur coat. He pawns it for fifty dollars and departs abruptly as if he had seen a ghost. He is no sooner gone than a young lawyer drops in, buys the coat for a few, careless hundreds and departs, laughing mysteriously. He has been gone only a little while when he returns, pawns it again for ten dollars and departs, laughing still more mysteriously. Then an old man drops in to redeem the coat, and the bewildered pawnbroker is still trying to get it straight in his head when he is dragged off as a receiver of stolen goods. Back of all this strange behavior is a wild little comedy of warring partners, jealous wives, a noble young thief and a pretty stenographer.

Photos White

Margaret Greene George Anderson Louise Dresser Tom Wise

ACT III. WILLIAM: "YOU'RE NOT GOING TO START THIS ALL OVER AGAIN?"

SCENES IN EDWARD CLARK'S FARCE, "COAT-TALES" AT THE CORT THEATRE

ARE TWO HEADS BETTER THAN ONE IN PLAYMAKING

By ARCHIE BELL

ARE two heads better than one in the making of a play? I have asked the question of many writers for the stage and they have given me many answers, but the concensus of opinion seemed to be usually in the affirmative. In several instances it has happened that men who learned their trade in partnership, have broken away and elected to move in single harness, doing so with their former success; but there are notable instances such as for example, Gilbert and Sullivan, where team work was abandoned and each man found himself quite unable to scale the heights alone or with other runningmates. Collaboration has not been popular in the American theatre compared to the manner in which it flourishes in France or England, but a glance over recent theatre announcements conveys the suggestion that it is growing in popularity and that several partnerships are giving prophetic encouragement for the days to come. The percentage of failures in any season's new plays proves that something is the matter with the makers of plays, therefore any tendency to a change should be looked upon with favor both by managers and public. If two men are able to write fairly good plays separately, might not a combination of their respective abilities upon one play be highly preferable? For that matter, would it not be better for six of them to combine their efforts upon one play if in so doing they were able to produce one play that met with the approval of the public, instead of six plays, each of which lacked an essential that sent them to the storehouse?

ONE man may be a whirlwind when it comes to writing splendid little love scenes full of tenderness, sentiment and reality," said Paul Dickey, who with Charles Goddard is responsible for "The Ghost Breakers," "The Misleading Lady." "On the other hand, he may be deficient when it comes to what is popularly known as putting the 'punch' into a strong scene of passion. The man who is able to write excellent dialogue may be stumped for plot and situations. One who knows how to make an audience giggle, may not know how to write a serious scene. One who is fairly brimming over with plots and situations may not know the first thing about the technical side of playwriting, or a practical or working knowledge of the most conventional stage requirements. In my opinion, two heads are usually better than one. The greater the dissimilarity between the writers, the greater will be their success because one will be likelier to supply exactly what the other lacks. To my mind the best proof that collaboration is desirable, lies in the fact that two men usually produce a play that requires less rewriting and changing at rehearsal or after its first performance, than when one man writes alone. This would convince me that as a general thing the combined effort of two is a more perfect work than that of one brain and one point of view or opinion."

On the ther hand, while Clyde Fitch wrote in collaboration several times, he always maintained that he did more work in this way than when he wrote alone, although it happened that he usually worked upon a dramatic version of a novel, so that he was bound by certain conventions of plot that made it difficult for one whose mind was prolific in plot suggestions. He made "The Bohemians" from Murger's "Scenes de la vie de Bohême," which later became the basis of Puccini's opera, "La Bohême." Thus he had a collaborator because his plot and chief characters were provided for him by another and he was called upon merely for the technical work of the man who prepared the stage version. "Sapho," usually credited to him, was the result of collaboration of several persons, for while Alphonse Daudet wrote the novel which supplied the story, Adolph Belot assisted him in the preparation of the drama, and Fitch had not only help in fashioning his play from the translation, but also the technical suggestions of Olga Nethersole in introducing the child and the staircase scene, two incidents which unquestionably contributed in large measure to the success of the play. Thus four people "wrote" "Sapho"; but Fitch drew the royalties.

THIS calls attention to what playwrights are likely to consider a handicap. Honors of authorship are rarely equally divided between or among collaborators. Managerial "policy" or the public's whim usually confers the honor upon one and permits the other to pass almost unnoticed. For example, if John Jones wrote the score for a successful musical comedy for which George Ade wrote the libretto, the public would have no hesitancy in speaking of it as "a play by George Ade." If Victor Herbert wrote the score for a libretto written by John Jones, it would be "a play by Victor Herbert." In the majority of cases, the librettist has no identity with the piece, whereas the composer becomes celebrated. There are exceptions to the rule, but one who doubts the truth of the assertion, has but to inquire even of the confirmed operagoer, the name of the man who wrote the book that inspired the most familiar operas, "Il Trovatore," "Cavalleria Rusticana," or "Carmen," and he would become convinced.

In exceptional partnerships like those of Caillavet and de Flers of recent days in Paris, or Meilhac and Halévy of the past century, Gilbert and Sullivan in England and DeKoven and Smith in America, it has happened that honors have been about equally divided, but it is far more frequent for one man to reap most of the honor, while the other must be satisfied with his share of the profits, or withdraw from the partnership. In the majority of such cases, it is the man who makes the musical score who responds to the public's shout for "author," whether it be grand opera or vaudeville, which passes as musical comedy; and the same thing is true of the collaboration which results in a popular song. The casual observer knows the names of Irving Berlin and Percy Wenrich and associates them with the names of such popular songs as *"Alexander's Ragtime Band,"* or *"Moonlight Bay."* Who wrote the words which inspired those rather catching melodies? Not one in one hundred persons who know both words and tune, could tell, yet most frequently, it is the lyric which prompts the music in the first instance, although words are sometimes "fitted" to a refrain that seems to have the desired lilt.

COMPOSERS of so-called popular songs are common enough," said Mr. Wenrich. "The thing is to get a lyric writer who understands his business, yet while I may be somewhat prejudiced because I belong to the composer clan, I believe that it's the music in nine cases out of ten which makes a song popular. The lyric very frequently is so absurd that it will scarcely bear reading without the music. On the other hand it was the lyric which sold such songs as *'Sister Susie's Sewing Shirts for Soldiers,' 'Everybody Works But Father,'* and *'I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark.'* It's a difficult thing to tell what does make a song popular. Sometimes I'm inclined to think that it's the size of the publisher's bankroll. Popularity depends very largely on the amount of money spent in advertising and the manner in which it is spent."

As a fairly typical specimen of the more pretentious stage work, but not grand opera, it may be worth while to try and recall the name of the man who wrote the book for "The Merry Widow." It was an operetta which was performed around the world and the name of the collaborators who were responsible for it, doubtless appeared upon all programs, yet "The Merry Widow" is "by Franz Lehar" in the public mind and Lehar has become a personage of note in consequence, a much feted, criticized and important writer who is able to dispose of his work at imposing figures irrespective of its merits.

A glance at the names of collaborators of grand opera will show the librettist's lot to be almost pathetic. It is granted that he must be a man who understands his business, a technical profession difficult to learn and so deficient in any but pecuniary rewards that one marvels that so many men are willing to undertake it. It is granted that not even the wonderful music of Mozart can redeem the stupid librettos for which he wrote the score; thus it must be apparent to one who thinks of it that far lesser music than Mozart's must have had splendid books to assist it in finding a place upon the world's operatic repertory. And yet, who thinks of the librettists of "Aida," "Lucia di Lammermoor" or "La Sonnambula"? It is the book, in nine cases out of ten, that fires the imagination of a composer, but it is the composer who receives credit for the entire work. In fact, it has been claimed that because nobody seems to be able to write an American libretto, or because nobody seems to care to do so, there is no American opera worthy of the name. The late Clyde Fitch promised Puccini that he would write him an American book, but he died without keeping his promise, and Puccini, not at all indifferent to the desirability of catering to the public, which patronized his work so liberally at the box office, made arrangements with David Belasco to write scores for American (*Continued on page* 178)

Gypsy O'Brien Edouard Durand Winifred Harris Anne Sutherland Robert McWade Marjorie Rambeau Cyril Keightley William Morris

Marjorie Rambeau and Cyril Keightley

William Morris Cyril Keightley Robert McWade Edouard Durand W. J. Phinney

Marjorie Rambeau and Edouard Durand

Photos White

A SCENE IN ACT IV.

The Brocktons, a gang of thieves, put on company manners for a visit to the Palmers to whose house they wish access because of their collection of jewels. Nan (Marjorie Rambeau) the clever head of the gang, later turns out to be a detective. She is invited to the Palmers who are also thieves. We find them with their company manners, planning to rob their rich acquaintances, the Brocktons. In the third act, detectives arrest the crowd. The last act shows the detective bureau of which Miss Rambeau is really the head, and to which she has brought her unsuspecting "pals". She has fallen in love with the head of the Palmer gang, and so hires the bunch as special detectives rather than turn them over to the law.

SCENES FROM "CHEATING CHEATERS" AT THE ELTINGE THEATRE

WHY JIMMIE POWERS CAME BACK

By HELEN TEN BROECK

THREE years ago the eminent, auburn haired laugh-maker, James T. Powers, without so much as a warning whistle, left the stage and went into an opulent retirement—a retirement, rumor said, in which his sole occupation was the pleasing activity of clipping coupons from certificates of stocks and bonds.

With quite as little preliminary agitation as preceded his retirement, Mr. Powers has again returned to Broadway, and is at this moment in the act of opening a season at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre in a comedy called "Somebody's Luggage."

"Why did you leave the stage?" I asked him a day or so ago, during an interval when the comedian stepped into the wings for a moment to enable carpenters and scene shifters to recover from the paroxysms of laughter into which his antics as the wretched hero of Mark Swan's play had thrown them. Years ago some one told Mr. Powers that he resembled Ibsen. Since then he always ruffles up his glowing hair and tries to look like the Scandinavian dramatist when he talks to interviewers. He harshly treated his ruddy tresses before he replied to my question.

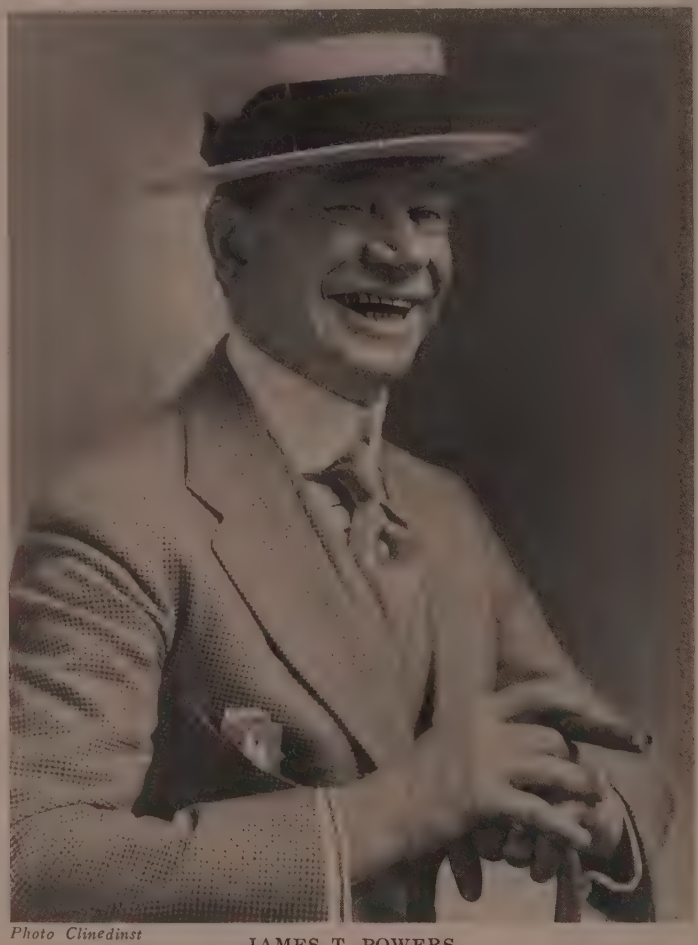


Photo Clinedinst

JAMES T. POWERS

A well-known laughter-maker who emerges from retirement this season to appear on Broadway in the comedy "Somebody's Luggage"

THREE years ago," he said, fixing an Ibsenesque gaze upon me with the aid of a pair of horned spectacles which tradition says helped write "The Wild Duck"—"three years ago I said to myself, 'I'll imitate a blow-out and re-tire.' I have always loved my profession, and I have lavished the warmest friendship of an impulsive heart upon my fellow players, but I felt lonesome. None of the actors, none of the actresses of my acquaintance are native-born New Yorkers, as I am. I longed for the companionship of regular Manhattan-born people like myself. Sentiment called loudly in my heart for friendly intercourse with others who claimed a right by birth to the freedom of the only city on earth which boasts five rivers within its boundaries—for New York, you know, suns herself upon the banks of the East, the North, the Harlem, the Bronx and the Gowanus, not to mention Newtown Creek. I consulted with Mrs. Powers as to where we should go to mingle with real New Yorkers. May I smoke?"

Having lit a cigar of unusual dimensions and vigorous aroma, Mr. Powers leaned gracefully against a profile tree and continued his saga.

"She is a wonderful woman, really, my wife is. You ought to know her. She flashes with inspirations. Flashes with 'em. 'We must go to Paris, Jimmie,' she said. 'My dear, you're a wonder,' I cried. Of course, all the real New Yorkers live in Paris. And merrily arraying myself in my most becoming hat and cane, I went to the nearest book shop and bought a number of volumes each warranted to give the purchaser a complete and painless knowledge of the French language in almost no time. At the very outside, I calculated, I ought to be able inside of three months, to talk the language of Paris with all the fluency with which Joe Weber and Lew Fields break into German conversation. The only difference being that which naturally exists between delicatessen and table d'hôte."

Mr. Powers pensively knocked an ash off his cigar and sighed.

DID you acquire the language in three months?" I asked. "Oh, certainly, certainly we did," said the comedian, stoutly. "In less time than that I became so proficient in French that I spoke English with a strong Parisian accent. Mrs. Powers and I devoted our mornings to serious study, and we uttered not a single syllable of anything but the purest Parisian dialect up to three-thirty in the afternoon. After that hour we mingled with the unlettered throng of the outside world and spoke English; but in the morning, oh, la, la! It was *'Est-ce que vous avez dormee bien, mon ange?'* from Mrs. Powers, to which I would smilingly reply, *Oui, mon petite pigeon, j'aime beaucoup les champignons.'* Then Mrs. Powers would explain in French that she had asked me if I had slept well, and inquire why I replied that I liked mushrooms. Sometimes she would look out of the window and say, *'Voilà les petits chiens?'* and I would laugh merrily in my arch little way and keep up the conversation by asking, *'Combien des enfants a Monsieur Eddie Foy, ma petite?'* Mrs. Powers would look sad and labor long to show that when she called my attention to the pretty little dogs at their innocent gambols, there was no occasion to bring a brother artist's offspring into the conversation; explaining that I had asked the number of Eddie Foy's children. Mrs. Powers explained that French is the language of Art. *'Il faut que nous* something or other,' she would say, and laboriously explain that she had told me that we must learn to know all the points of French pictures and French literature and sculpture. She assured me in the language that was becoming like a stepmother tongue to me that I would grow to dote on Rodin and Bayre in time, and discussed the various schools of French painting until I used to grow color blind trying to decide what pictures were Barbizons and which were Meissoniers without looking at the labels. 'Your acting will be much more subtle and your art much richer,' she said, 'after you have become thoroughly saturated with French feeling.' And then that wonderful woman whispered in my ear the inspired suggestion that I should return to the stage in Paris and show the French that their capital was not the sole custodian of all the art of comedy—that we New Yorkers knew how to pass around the ha-has, too."

MR. POWERS lit another cigar and I am bound to record that a look of pensive sadness imprinted itself upon his features, and that he looked more than ever like Ibsen as he proceeded.

"As we submerged ourselves more and more deeply in French atmosphere," he said, "we saw with clearer and clearer vision how wonderfully the sense of beauty saturates all French art. Even the grotesqueries of France have a certain charm and symmetry. I wondered if I were lovely enough to dare attack the Paris stage. Would not my lack of personal pulchritude militate against Fame—(*la gloire,* they call it in French)? (*Concluded on page 176*)

Otto Sarony Co.

IN "THE BLUE MOON"

Morrison

IN "THE RUNAWAY GIRL"

Photo

IN "FUN IN A PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY"

Sarony

IN "THE GEISHA"

Hall

IN "HAVANA"

Falk

AS CARMENCITA IN "THE STRAIGHT TIP"

IN "HAVANA"

MR. POWERS IN SOME OF THE ROLES THAT WON HIM FAME AS A COMEDIAN

A SUCCESSFUL PUPPET SHOW

By LUCY FRANCE PIERCE

"Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! For your entertainment, and in honor of his gentle master and begetter, Will Shakespeare, Puck presents and will himself play his original part therein the delectable and immortal comedy, 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' with Oberon, Titania, and their attendant elves in person assisting for the wedding of true Athenians, the discomfiture of greasy mechanicals, and the merrymaking of children of all ages."

SO ran the poster displayed one morning at the door of the Chicago Little Theatre. Puck had installed himself as an indefinite occupant with a staff of workmen, all mortal giants, hired to set the stage, manipulate the lights, fashion the very actors themselves with their magic fingers, read the lines of the play and pull the strings. Puck himself, though but twelve inches in height, is no insignificant mime. He is a droll comedian, a very live wire for action and the possessor of a piping, soul-stirring voice that reaches and twists the very heart-strings of mere mortals. Hitherto he had contented himself with playing the fairy messenger who read the prologues of recent new romantic melodramas in his bijou playhouse. But now wishing to add his respectful homage to Will Shakespeare in this tercentenary year of 1916, he had hit upon the inspiration of reviving the comedy which he himself had set for the bard among the everlasting stars.

TO those who love the play for itself, a peep at Puck's stage was a new adventure. It hung like a deep casement in a wall of black velvet, three and one-half feet in height and four and one-half feet in width. The scenes devised for the "Dream" were impressionistic ones. The Palace, the house of Quince, the fairy forest, were suggestive pictures in bold tones wonderfully lighted and hanging like illuminated paintings within the miniature proscenium arch. A row of lights above and another below and back of the suspended stage enabled the stage director to produce new, strange and brilliant effects. Behind the stage and a little above it had been built a platform. On this platform the puppet players took their stand. These players, six in number, leaned over the rail of the platform and manipulated four puppets apiece, swinging the dolls from the wings to the boards with an admirable deftness as they simultaneously read the lines of the text with varying tones of voice to illumine character. For the "Dream," as for each production, a completely new set of puppets had been created.

International Film Service.

The puppet players manipulate four puppets apiece, swinging the dolls from the wings to the boards with an admirable deftness as they simultaneously read the lines of the text with varying tones of voice to illumine character.

THE effect of the first performance on the audience was strangely thrilling. It was as if one witnessed a comedy acted by creatures of some miniature exotic world, super-mortal in its romanticism. Skilfully fashioned with carved masks, correct costuming, and jointed by a new secret process to produce waist, head, neck and knee as well as arm and hip movements, the puppets entered and gestured with a realism truly startling. Grown-ups as well as children squirmed in their seats, chuckling with amusement, gasping with a new delight. Something intensely artistic and intensely beautiful had sprung into being. The Athenians and Mechanicals were all but human, though but fourteen inches in height. Oberon was a kingly spirit: Titania was a bodyless sprite floating always in the air; Peaseblossom, Moth, Mustardseed and other fly-by-nights disported themselves airily and with a delectable abandon almost bewildering.

And when Puck himself flew into view, his lovely opalescent wings fluttering wildly, and when he piped shrilly his opening lines with the sweet, tender voice of mischievous youth—there was a stir of wonder as if some mysterious creature of the forest primeval had become endowed with human voice.

THIS quaint little theatre, the first well-organized and artistic puppet show house in America, is the rendezvous of those artists who dwell always in the land of make-believe with the hearts of children. Its appeal is intellectual, rather than emotional. It reaches the super-sensitive imagination of the literary thinker, the color artist, the actor. It floods the soul of the sensitive child with acute delight. It is real to the artist and to the child with a reality that is almost painful. Deliciously comic, deliciously tragic, deliciously romantic, sometimes deliciously sardonic, it winds itself tightly about the heart. To have witnessed a puppet play well written and well acted is indeed a new adventure for the spirit.

It was at Solln bei München that Ellen Van Volkenburg (Mrs. Maurice Browne), master overseer among Puck's workmen, found the one puppet show in Europe wholly to her liking during a summer's jaunt of inspection. There Marie Janssen and her sisters have established one of the most artistic puppet theatres in the world. To it Overseer Van Volkenburg owes some inspiration, though the German puppen were found to be graceless, stupid blockheads when examined under American skies. Thereupon Kathleen Wheeler, master fashioner, set to work and has carved from wood every puppet employed in each production, and in each instance with an expressive mask to visualize exactly the character to be played. Master of the needle, Lillian Owen, has devised special costumes for every character, and most exceptional of all, Harriet Edgerton—prime mover in the enterprise—has invented a system of jointing which is likely to revolutionize artistic puppetry in America.

PUCK has an earnest staff in his employ. Whether scene painter or playwright, or puppet player or stage manager, all work together in an eager harmony with excellent results. Among recent productions, "Colombine," by Reginald Arkell, intended originally for humans, was found to be an admirable vehicle for the puppet theatre. "The Deluded Dragon," by Mrs. Edgerton and Mrs. Browne, scored a hit with a five-headed dragon that was endowed with five temperaments and five voices. "The Little Mermaid," dramatized by Miss Wheeler from the Hans Christian Anderson tale, gave opportunity for exquisite scenic effects. Other productions in prospect are "Undine," "The Water Babies," Shelley's "Prometheus," and one or two of Maeterlinck's "Drames pour Marionettes."

SCENE IN THE PUPPET PERFORMANCE OF SHAKESPEARE'S "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"—THE ATHENIANS IN THE PALACE OF THESEUS

Photos International Film Service

SCENE IN "THE LITTLE MERMAID"

PUPPET PLAYS PRESENTED AT THE LITTLE THEATRE, CHICAGO

SOME FALLACIES OF DRAMATIC CRITICISM

By CHARLTON ANDREWS

THERE are two ways of studying the technique of the drama. One is by gathering together the "rules" laid down by critics from time to time throughout the history of the stage and attempting to apply them to all plays as they are written. The other is by considering the plays themselves—a procedure likely to emphasize the fact that there are few rules that are not more honored in the breach than in the observance. The first method is, of course, deductive; the second, inductive. Obviously neither is often found in a state of purity. The critics have for the most part inductively arrived at the rules that later are deductively applied. Error results chiefly from the fact that the art of the drama, like all others, is not stationary but progressive, as writers like Sarcey and Pinero and many others have pointed out; and that, therefore, the rules, with a few fundamental exceptions, are, of necessity, more or less temporary.

As a matter of fact, there is for dramatic composition only one absolute rule, and it has but few corollaries. It is: Be interesting. All the other principles of the art concern themselves primarily with methods of attaining interest. Interest here means, of course, not mere intellectual curiosity, but emotional absorption in the subject under consideration; for the drama, like poetry or music, must appeal fundamentally to the feelings.

CRITICS, of course, are fond of devising and proclaiming "rules." Each new one carries with it the satisfaction and glory of discovery. Hence the eagerness with which dogmatic statements of the "laws of the theatre" are constantly being made. These laws, naturally, are both positive and negative. In writing successful—that is, interesting—plays, thou shalt do this, and thou shalt not do the other. Generally, the smaller the calibre of the critic, the more rigid, and unqualified his doctrine. It takes some scope of vision to see a principle—new or otherwise—in all its possible applications and negations.

It is well known that one of the favorite dogmatisms of writers dealing with the stage in recent years has concerned itself with the question of keeping a secret from the audience. Everyone recalls being told more than once that to mystify the public in the theatre is fatal. The expedient is perfectly practicable in fiction meant to be read, but never in that which is intended simply to be acted out before an audience. Let the audience enjoy the mystification of personages in the play, but never under any circumstances keep the audience itself in the dark. In the theatre everything must be sun-clear.

Until a very few years ago such statements as these were to be met with in dramatic criticism almost every day. Some bell-wether had given the first utterance, and the rest of the flock docilely followed. Of course, the matter was by no means new. Few dramatic problems are. This one had been threshed out many times before—proved by numerous examples and disproved by as many others. "There are two theories in the theatre," said Dumas *fils,* in his note on *Le Demi-Monde,* "the theory of confidence and the theory of surprise. In other words, some authors would let the public into the secret of the play, while others insist that the spectators should not be initiated into it, that they should guess it if they can and be surprised if they cannot guess. I am of these latter."

OBVIOUSLY the whole subject of the audience's mystification is bound up with this other essential problem of surprise. Everybody knows that one of the chief sources of pleasure in the playhouse is the unexpected. Perhaps the most delightful moment in "Seven Keys to Baldpate" was that one when, at the last rising of the curtain, the audience heard the clicking of the novelist's typewriter and realized in a flash that all the entertaining intrigue just witnessed had really occurred only in the imagination of the story writer, that it was, as we are, such stuff as dreams are made on, that this insubstantial pageant faded left not a rack behind.

The fact is that surprise is one of the main props of dramatic interest. The public likes to be fooled, as Mr. George M. Cohan forced it to confess in his amusing travesty, "Hello, Broadway." And it booted Mr. William Collier nothing that, in the course of his argument on the subject with his fellow-satirist, he declared that a college professor had told him you must never keep a secret from the audience.

It is interesting to look back over the dicta of some of these professional dogmatists and to observe how they were routed from their trenches when a few shells, such as "Arsène Lupin," had burst about their ears. In that play, it will be recalled, the identity of the notorious thief was concealed, more or less carefully, for about two acts. How vast was the amazement of the technical absolutists that the play went not to immediate ruin! Of course, they beat a hasty retreat. Some sought refuge in explanations; others frankly revised their doctrine; while still others, the feebler sort, discouraged also by similar manifestations of the period, threw to the winds all the rules and principles they had hitherto held so dear.

THE whole crux of the matter is—manifestly—that the law of the drama had suffered no injury. That law, we remember, is: Be Interesting. One of its corollaries is: Be interesting through the expedient of surprise. Another is: Don't be uninteresting by unskilfully confusing the spectator. Experimenting playwrights had simply shown once more the value of skill joined to common sense. And when "Under Cover" kept the principal fact of its story a secret until within a few minutes of the final curtain, professional critics scarcely paused to marvel at it.

One of the most familiar fallacies often cherished by the critics concerns itself with the mingling in one play of the comic and the tragic, of the serious and the absurd. It is amazing how the over-orderly mind has clung to the theory that the sublime and the ridiculous, however much they may jog elbows in real life, must be kept strictly separate on the stage. Everyone knows that there have been plays that were serious throughout, plays that were exclusively comic, plays that alternated the solemn with the funny, and still others that boldly mixed the two elements. As a result we have had many plays that were hard to classify with exactness, and that have been called by such names as "tearful comedy" or "heroic comedy" or "comedy-drama" or a dozen other hybrid terms.

Reference to this subject inevitably suggests the quarrel of the classicists and the romanticists over the "confusion of the genres," and the hubbub that arose in France when Victor Hugo and his followers boldly carried the mixing process to extremes. Apparently they did not settle the matter once for all, however. We find Sarcey insisting, well toward the end of the last century, that a play's "impression must be one: every mingling of laughter and tears threatens to trouble it. It is better, therefore, to abstain; and there is nothing more legitimate than the absolute separation of the comic and the tragic, of the grotesque and the sublime. However," the good "uncle" adds with well-placed caution, "every rule is subject to numerous exceptions."

MOREOVER, the subject has cropped up so recently as in the case of "Polygamy," one of whose co-authors, Mr. Harvey O'Higgins, publicly defended the fact objected to by some of the critics that matters in the play which should have been received seriously were so presented that the audience greeted them with laughter. Mr. O'Higgins quoted a producer who insisted that "The Dummy"—written by the authors of "Polygamy"—would fail because the crooks in it were comic, and the laughter they aroused would "let down the suspense." Shades of Dickens! "Similarly, in 'Polygamy,'" continued Mr. O'Higgins, "in the inquisition scene in the Mormon Temple, we purposely gave the Mormon Prophet lines with which we expected to provoke a horrified laughter, because, as far as he was concerned, we wished the audience to take that attitude toward him." The dialogue between King Lear and the fool is cited to prove the antiquity of the expedient.

Wherein lies the critical fallacy in this matter? The obvious answer is similar to the one given to the mystification question. The audience is to be interested through mingled emotional reactions comparable to those so often experienced in real life. The audience is *not* to be confused—since confusion negates interest—by being placed in the position of never knowing when to take the play seriously and when not, as it was, for example, in the case of "The Big Idea." Sarcey complains, with regard to "Le Crocodile" of Sardou—a piece, by the way, of which "The Admirable Crichton" is reminiscent—that it "gives you in the first act the sensation of a comedy of manners; turns into philosophical satire (*Concluded on page* 176)

Photo Hartsook

Cordially yours

Otis Skinner

FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

AT A CERTAIN MATINEE

By MLLE. MANHATTAN

A GREAT many actresses boast of having been invited to appear at fashionable entertainments at Newport during the fashionable season at the Queen of Summer resorts, but so far as I know there is but one star who can with truth declare that Newport forsakes its holiday diversions and comes to her. This proud distinction, however, may be claimed by Miss Blanche Ring, who gave, one broiling afternoon, a special "invitation dress rehearsal" of her new play, "Broadway and Buttermilk," to which many of the most fashionable maids and matrons of the Newport set swarmed en masse.

One's Summer wardrobe always needs replenishing at mid-season, and Miss Ring's new frocks may have been the magnet which lured Mrs. Vincent Astor, Mrs. Oelrichs, Mrs. Morgan Belmont, and several others of what Harry Lehr calls "the dress circle, to visit the Maxine Elliott Theatre and take notes of the newest thing in gorgeous garments, as displayed by the very fetching actress.

Possibly the most ecstatic gasps of admiration were evoked by a wonderful creation in motor coats, which the creator, Faibisy, has christened the Blanche Ring auto coat. A perfectly new fabric—plaid chiffon velvet—is employed to give chic to this marvel of coats, and it is combined with supreme success with soirée. A pleasing shade of old blue, is the color selected by Faibisy for the coat, which is cut in a full skirted Louis Seize effect, much like the old-fashioned basquines of our grandmamas' day. A deep circular flounce, cut at the top in wide scallops, is of the velours which is a plaid of blue, black and white blocks of medium size. A similar flaring cuff finishes the sleeve, and a novel scarf-collar is cut of the same velvet. The collar may be worn turned up to protect the neck and chin, with a tab-end thrown over the shoulder, or it may be permitted to lie flat on the shoulder, in which case it forms a beautifully shaped rolling collar with novel revers turning back almost to the sleeves. The tab end is finished with a tassel of black white and blue jet, which weights it into place and obviates the very disagreeable flapping effect which mars the happiness of the wearer of most fancifully decorated motor coats. A gay little Tam O'Shanter, which has a cap like adjustment over the hair, is finished by a jaunty quill painted in plaid to match the velour.

A fascinating effect in white charmeuse, with touches of apple green. Smart white shoes with black patent leather trimming and a fetching new shape sailor of white silk fringed with green; a tiny ornament of black and white jet fashions the narrow band that finishes the crown.

I MUST tell you that the new chiffon velvet plaids are to be very popular next season, provided your purse strings hang loosely. They are more expensive than the short napped velvets we have already seen in stripes, checks and plaids, but far more effective. One hears a great deal of the crippled industry of dyeing, and the difficulty of finding good colors in the newest fabrics, but nothing could be clearer than the colors seen in the new velours, and they are said to be quite fast and durable, but, of course, the test of those endearing qualities is wear.

A very charming evening gown worn by Miss Ring in "Broadway and Buttermilk" evoked gasps of admiration from the invited guests, especially when the handsome star walked up the stage with her back to the audience, showing the novel pointed scarf collar. This delectable creation is of painted marquisette, a white ground dotted with watteau garlands of pink roses with green leaves. A modification of the old fashionel angel sleeves is seen in a very charmingly cut *manche*, which falls in a graceful point finished with a tassel of crystal and silver. Narrow silver gauze ribbon outlines the seams of the flowered tunic, and heads the fall of plain white marquisette that finishes the underslip. The tunic opens in front to show the graceful slip of white marquisette, with ruffles headed and separated by a row of the silver ribbon. White silk stocking with silver clocks, and silver gauze slippers, are worn with this costume. A sport suit of yellow, shows a satin underskirt cut with less fulness than is usual in these out-of-door costumes, worn with a coat of thin yellow charmeuse lined with white. A wide belt of white ermine with black heads and tails outlines without confining the waist line, and a wide square collar of white chiffon finishes the neck, an oddly constructed little cuff of the ermine trims the regulation sport sleeve. With this costume Miss Ring wears the inevitable Summer fur neck piece, which is an entire skin of royal white fox of very lustrous pelt. A small black velvet sport crown finished with a curled yellow quill goes with this suit, and the note of black and white in the costume is repeated in the suède shoes of white with patent leather trimming of black.

"That frock would suit you to perfection," gasped the pretty girl who came with Mrs. Vincent Astor, as Miss Ring appeared in a very fascinating frock of white charmeuse with touches of apple green, cut with an absolutely novel coat effect that seemed to resemble long straight panels in front and back. A deep Jeanne Lanvin collar turned back on itself in two tiny tabs on each shoulder, the tabs outlined by a binding of apple green satin, and finished with a flat square button covered in the same satin.

The panel-shaped skirts of the coat in front and the oblong one-piece panel back are outlined with the green, and a line of the same color shows on the petticoat which it outlines midway between waist and hem. So simply is this frock

A novelty in sport suits, in which ermine and satin take the place of the usual loose woven jersey cloth.

cut and finished that description of the sketch is almost unnecessary. At each side are placed full Biarritz pockets of the white lined with green, and there peeps from one of them a wisp of green and white chiffon, which is a poetic symbol for a pocket handkerchief. Transparent cobwebby white silk stockings with apple green clocks are worn with the white slippers that go with this costume, and a wide white silk sailor hat with an irregular brim completes the toilette.

AFTER the rehearsal Miss Ring served iced tea and coffee in the star dressing room at Maxine Elliott's Theatre to her Newport guests and as hostess at this happy little function she wore a frock even more lovely, perhaps, than those shown on the stage. It was of double faced charmeuse; white with a reverse of delicate shell pink. It was cut in a style much liked by Miss Ring for her personal frocks, a squarish, "moyen age" bodice with the skirt gathered very full on to the cuirass just below the hip line. The petticoat is plain in front, the bodice being cut squarely off at the waist line, but at the sides and across the back a heading of perhaps one and a half inches allows the sensitive pink of the reverse face to fall over upon itself in delicate rippling lines. An oddity only possible to those who possess as does Miss Ring that rare grace, a perfect back, is furnished in this frock, by a thickly gathered fulness of the bodice at the shoulders, which forms a sort of square shirred standing collar—difficult to describe but utterly coquette and fetching on the figure.

As no men were present at this later function (of course, half the New York Yacht Club applauded Miss Ring's rehearsal) Miss Ring permitted her maid to exhibit the exquisite lingerie she wears with her stage frocks. And here is a detail never noticed in any other lingerie I have seen. Each costume is worn with a brassiere (if one may apply so unpoetic a name to the little symphonies in chiffon and charmeuse which are Miss Rings cache-corsets), cut in exact accordance with the décolletage of the dress with which it is worn. Any woman who has spent hours of anguished dread lest her brassiere may be peeping coquettishly out above the shoulder line of her evening dress will appreciate this detail. The little brassieres are cut to exactly fit the corset over which they are worn, and are of chiffon or charmeuse with wee roses tucked in nests of val lace around the top. Facings of self-colored ribbon reinforce the edges and give a flat but firm foundation for the snaps which smoothly close the fronts.

Delicate colors characterized the heatherbloom petticoats which give chic and grace to Miss Ring's skirts, and if you are for the last intimate secret of her supple figure, I may add that the lightest possible Jersey tricot in white and pale pastels is her choice for the exceedingly light corset worn by the star of "Broadway and Buttermilk."

This stunning old blue motor coat of soirée shows a novel trimming of plaid chiffon velvet in blue, black and white. With this coat is worn a saucy Tam o' Shanter, its crown encircled with an oddly shaped quill, in which are repeated the three colors shown in the plaid chiffon velvet.

ONE of the smart social events of the stage during the heated term was the big vaudeville at the Larchmont Yacht Club this month, arranged for the raising of funds for the poor sick of Mamaroneck by William Courtenay and Virginia Harned Courtenay of Harrison.

All the Summer stage colony of Westchester County volunteered for the event, and society turned out in an enormous audience to see the lovely actresses frisk about for the cause of charity. Louise Drew headed the list of smart actresses who sold programs and looked exceedingly smart in a frock of black net with one of the novel corsages just from Paris, which showed a cape of net bordered with a glittering edge of rhinestones as a drapery for the low bodice.

Blanche Bates wore a beautiful frock of shaded chiffon in blue merging into white. An under petticoat of silver gauze held in smart lines over a heatherbloom skirt was wreathed with pink and blue roses knotted with silver gauze ribbon. Miss Harned wore a gorgeous creation of gold tissue made with a basque bodice cut well off the shoulder, and after the play received guests in a costume of black net wreathed with small roses and worn with a farthingale hoop. Miss Irene Franklin wore a radiant frock of white marquisette the full round skirt banded with triple garlands of pink and silver roses, and Miss Stella Mayhew and Miss Marjorie Wood added to the sartorial gaiety of the occasion—Miss Mayhew in white and Miss Wood in a girlish frock of pale blue and white striped marquisette sealed with the stamp and sign of Paris. Mrs. David Belasco wore a gorgeous evening dress of black lace, and Miss Daisy Humphreys in white and Mrs. Ralph Kellard in rose brocaded with gold sustained the reputation of the stage for supremacy in good taste in gowns. Anna Held was chic in a white charmeuse. Margot Gordon danced in a frock of white marquisette with scant flounces edged with silver ribbon, and Mrs. Reina Belasco Gest wore an indescribable frock that looked like Catherine of Russia giving a splendid rose-colored chiffon imitation of the Queen of Sheba. Like Miss Bates' frock, Mrs. Gest's was of shaded chiffon in two sensitive tones of rose. Blanche Ring was regally handsome in a frock of gold lace and tissue—and there you are!

THERE'S really nothing like having one's taste confirmed," was the good natured comment of Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt a few days ago, when her attention was called to the fact that her newest frock was exactly like one worn across the room (it was the Marragansett Casino) by Mrs. Charles B. Dillingham, who as Eileen Kearney was known but a few seasons ago as the best-dressed stage beauty in New York. The duplicated frock was a Paquin affair in old blue, having a full skirt of silk muslin dotted with embroidered motifs of the same shade. A gilet of coffee colored mull with raised checks of white was the excuse for rows and rows of tiny blue silk buttons, scarcely larger than pin dots. A collar and wide back turned cuffs of the same mull finished the bodice which had an under collar beneath the mull of blue cut in sharp points ending at the waist line and finished with blue tassels.

Mrs. Vincent Astor is wearing a charming October frock of white flannel with large raised plaids of fuzzy blue.

THE maddest sort of mag pie effect is achieved in the costumes with which the Dolly sisters amazed luncheon patrons of Sherry's a day or so ago. One of the twins wore a jacket of dead white soirée over a full round skirt of black, with deep tucks all around from waist to hem. A white sailor fringed with black, and a white parasol mounted on ebony completed the costume. The other twin wore an exact reversal of this frock. A white soirée skirt with black coat, black hat with white fringe, and black parasol with ivory stick. The lapel of the white coat held a boutonniere of black pansies and the black soat was graced with a white chrysanthemum.

Velvet as a material for auto coats seems bound to become an established vogue. This most inappropriate material is used in a marvellous motor wrap, just through the custom-house and destined for Miss Geraldine Farrar. Dull blue velours with flat buttons of blue jet and a shawl shaped collar lined with blue and white plaid silk constitute Jeanne Lanvin's latest ideas of what is really chic in auto garments.

Speaking of the Dolly sisters, those extravagant young persons have set a standard of smart dressing in "His Bridal Night," which caused something more than a flutter when first seen at the trial performance at Stamford, Conn., which preceded the New York premiere of the piece.

Space forbids a description of the Dolly gowns this month, but you shall learn all about them, and the other fascinating frocks seen at September openings in our next issue.

The back view of Miss Ring's Watteau marquisette dancing frock shows a fetching new arrangement in a deep pointed collar of white marquisette, finished with a silver and white tassel.

TO WEAR OR NOT TO WEAR—THAT IS THE QUESTION.

By J. M. GIDDING

A black beaver hat with black Paradise and grosgrain ribbon for its trimming is faced with white felt. The all beaded bag of mocha color has a blue bow-knot and roses of pink and green; bead handle of mocha color.

THE fashionable women of Paris are dressing quite as cleverly and smartly as before the war, although there is an undercurrent that manifests itself in quieter tones and more simplicity. For the American market, however, Paris is turning out creations as gay and elaborate as in happier times.

Rodier has sent over wonderful new cloth materials—velline, peau de marmotte, ursine, ederella, and trykho—the latter nothing more than an excellent quality of old-fashioned trico cloth is sure to be in high favor; in fact Chanel, whose creations are the gossip of the boulevards, refuses to use practically any other cloth but trykho, heavily trimmed with fur; grey, wine, negre, dark green and bois de rose, being quite the preferred colors.

I MUST tell you that velvets are to be very popular; fine chiffon velvets, and a splendid new velvet called Panecla. Then there is a soft clinging velour, fresh from the looms of Rodier, which reminds one of nothing so much as a wet seal—so sleek and glistening is its surface.

Nowadays one hears much of the dearth of workers, and the crippled industries of France, but to see the exquisite new cloths, cashmeres, velours, metallic brocades and embroideries, and the fascinating metal laces and trimmings, which are coming across as fast as the boats can bring them, to say nothing of the exquisite creations of the Paris couturiers, it seems impossible to believe that France is really at war. Of course, many of the imported materials have imperfections, a stitch dropped here and there, for instance, but the demand is so great, and the output so small, we are only too glad to get them—imperfections and all!

MARIA GUY is sending over some very charming hats—most of them high draped turbans, which are sure to be most popular. Her new note is a maline veil covering a high draped velvet turban and caught around the throat with a broad fur band. Fancy veils will be much worn, draped over small hats and turbans. Tricornes showing very little trimming, all the detail being in the well-studied shapes, will also find favor with the smartly dressed woman.

Lanvin has brought out a perfectly flat sailor innocent of any trimming other than a chantilly lace edge about three inches deep, which just veils the eyes and is indescribably chic.

Large felt sailors with a very high new crown, broader at the top than at the bottom, showing very little trimming, except perhaps a smart pin or tiny bow, are also coming into favor, and I might add that for small simple hats, felt will be most popular.

Round or plateau veils seem to be in high favor among the smartly dressed women who frequent the Casino at San Sebastian this year. These veils are simply thrown over the hats a few inches below the brim in front, the rest of the length, falling in loose graceful folds at the back.

Veils are being worn embroidered this year, and I predict that a particularly fascinating blue mesh veil, embroidered in grey, and just over from Paris, will be taken up strongly by the fashionable woman. The new note—and I might say, the last word in veils, is one embroidered in angora instead of silk; it is decidedly new and "different."

Maria Guy is sponsor for this distinctive velvet turban, with maline veil caught about the throat with a broad band of beaver.

THIS year, the maids and matrons of fashion will not be satisfied with one, two or three sets of furs. The chic woman will want as many kinds and sets of furs, as she has rings on her fingers, and seriously, I do not know what the poor fur animals are going to do!

Quite the newest thing in bags is one of dark blue and gold beads, ornamented with roses in pink and green beads. The single string is of gold beads.

The new note in fur is Kolinsky—a dark full pelt with a stripe running through it very much like mink. Then there is silver coney; nothing more than a fine quality of Belgian hare, which comes in natural gray, white and silver pelts, often with the darker fur worked in. Japanese sable, also a new comer, is a beautiful fluffy fur, admirable for trimming because of its lightness.

Blue fox will continue to find favor with the woman of luxurious tastes and a well-filled purse, while the more conservative woman, with whom economy plays an important part, will be quite correct, if she choses such flat furs as moleskin, beaver or seal.

TO speak of suits without fur, would seem rather ridiculous in the eyes of the smart woman, in fact I should not dare to suggest it. Furs are more popular than ever, if that were possible. There will be fur, fur and still more fur worn, on gowns, hats and even veils. The chic woman will wear it at the slightest provocation, perhaps because she has looked so charming in fur things that she cannot get away from the lure of the fur. And really, I cannot blame her.

Enormous square fur collars, with deep broad bands of the same fur are worn on the coats and suits. The cleverly dressed woman is wearing tailleured suits along very simple lines, adorned with nothing but handsome furs. I advocate no trimming of any sort on the tailleured suit, other than fur. There is a tendency to trim the coats with fur, only at intervals, instead of the all-round bands of last season. A band in front, two on either side and one in the back, for example, are a pleasing departure from last year's straight-around trimming.

THE vogue of early fall is an exceedingly smart one-piece frock developed in fine quality serge, French gabardine, crêpe meteor or lightweight velvet, combined with georgette or chiffon, with perhaps a bit of fur about the neck. I may safely say these frocks will be in high favor with the smartly dressed woman. You will be sure to see her. when she returns from Newport, promenading the Avenue

the soup of the epicure

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They dine best who dine wisely. This implies the *best* food, the most nutritious food, the food which in the last analysis *costs the least.*

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For example, our Mock Turtle Soup. The spotless white heads of young calves and finest selected beef from the fore quarter yield the meat stock, blended with a rich, thick vegetable purée of juicy tomatoes, red-hearted Chantenay carrots, tender little onions, crisp chopped celery, and parsley—all specially grown for this use. Marjoram, savory, sweet basil, dry thyme, bay-leaves, nutmeg, and sherry are "touched in" with an artist's fine hand.

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Tomato	Chicken Consommé
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A WIDER AUDIENCE *for the* ART *of the* PIANIST

A talk with LEOPOLD GODOWSKY, world-famous Pianist, Composer, Teacher, concerning the remarkable new

DUO-ART PIANOLA

MR. GODOWSKY is admittedly one of the foremost pianists of the age—one, too, of the greatest piano teachers in the higher realms of musical education and a composer for the piano who has contributed largely to the technical and musical development of the instrument.

I shall not readily forget the occasion when I met him first. He was playing Chopin's immortal Fantasia in F minor, and it became a radiant and yet a solemn joy under his expressive and authoritative hands.

I saw him as he heard that performance reproduced a week later—shade by shade, and touch by touch—all so true to his feeling and to the highest impulse of his art.

For awhile he sat silent as if adjusting himself to the tremendous import of what he had heard . . . . . .

And then he spoke.

"It is truly a remarkable experience," he said at length, "to hear the Duo-Art mirror in every essential quality of tone and expression the Fantasia as I played it a week ago!

"It would be inconceivable if I had not actually heard—if I had not recognized my touch, my characteristics, my art itself."

"Are you content that your performance shall go down to posterity, represented, as it must be, on a record-roll of this Duo-Art Pianola?" I asked. "Don't hesitate to state a doubt if you feel one."

"I recognize the fact that it will be so—and I am satisfied that it *should* be so," replied he simply.

He paused. "Did you imagine that I did not think of this before I made a record upon the Duo-Art Pianola? Do you believe that I could have signed such a record had I not felt that my pianism had been faithfully recorded? Never could I have done so! The moment, however, that I heard the first notes repeated exactly as I had played them, I knew that the truthfulness of the reproduction was unassailable. I knew they would reflect truly my spirit and my aim, long after I am gone."

"Is your touch the same when you record a roll for the Duo-Art Pianola, as when you are playing ordinarily at a concert?"

"Exactly!"

"Is the tone reproduced the same?"

"Precisely the same!"

"Then the word 'mechanical' does not occur to you in connection with this instrument?"

"The word 'mechanical' can only occur to one in music when a *mechanical*

result is produced in music," he replied quickly. "With the Duo-Art Pianola it is the last word one thinks of. For it is the *spirit* of the artist which comes from it — not merely the *notes* he has struck. One might as logically call the piano itself *mechanical* because it produces sounds by mechanical means! . . . . No! No! The art of the piano gains a wider audience through this wonderful invention and so it must therefore have an important place in the musical development of the future!"

"Then the reproducing piano represents, in your opinion, something of an epoch in interpretative pianoforte playing?" I enquired.

"Your phrase suggests it very well," said the great musician. "The Duo-Art Pianola occupies, to my mind, somewhat the same relation to pianism that the printing press does to literature. It brings the noblest renderings of individual pianism to the homes of the millions. It distributes broadcast the results of the musical talent and genius of our time."

"Then it will actually be a factor in musical education?"

"A great factor," he replied. "Greater perhaps than we can now estimate."

"Think," he went on — "of the tremendous educational stimulus of the instrument. Think of the child, or the student, able to hear repeatedly some transcendent interpretation and thereby acquire refined taste and superior knowledge of music. Think of the music teachers themselves who will increase their information through the reproductions of superior pianism.

"Yes — by this instrument reproductive art is put on as permanent a basis as composition itself. And for it, as for other truly artistic types of modern instruments, I as an artist, must have the greatest respect.

"The true measure of the value of its accomplishment to the cause of highest music is now at last beginning to be realized by the musicians themselves—who in the infancy of modern instrument development, perhaps, were somewhat skeptical. But such an instrument as this leaves prejudice defenseless."

I have read this interview in print and it is a true and authoritative statement of my opinions.

Leopold Godowsky

MUSICIANS critical of every tone, and the layman who asks only that music be beautiful, are inspired and delighted alike by the wonderful playing of the Duo-Art Pianola.

A Word of Description of The DUO-ART PIANOLA

TO appreciate the full significance of Mr. Godowsky's tribute to the Duo-Art Pianola, some understanding of this marvelous instrument is necessary. Briefly, the Duo-Art Pianola is a *new reproducing piano.* It has three attributes.

FIRST — It is a conventional piano for hand playing and practice.

SECOND — It is a Pianola which may be played with ordinary Pianola music-rolls. As such it offers the same facilities for personal expression control as other models of the Pianola.

THIRD — and this is its new and revolutionary feature. It re-creates from special music-rolls the exact performances of various pianists who have made record rolls for it. Obviously the importance of this great new feature depends on the capacity of the instrument to faithfully reproduce musical values in *expressiveness* as well as technique. That it possesses this capacity to a degree positively miraculous is evidenced by the extraordinary enthusiasm of the great musicians who, like Godowsky, have made and are making record-rolls for it. Among these may be mentioned such famous names as Bauer, Busoni, Schelling, Gabrilowitsch, Saint-Saens, Carreño, Hamburg, Damrosch, Grainger, and many others.

An interesting booklet descriptive of the Duo-Art Pianola will be sent you upon request, together with the address of our nearest representative. Address Dept. T9.

The Duo-Art Pianola is obtainable in Grand or Upright styles of the STEINWAY, the STECK, the STROUD, and the famous WEBER. Its prices range from $750 upwards.

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY

AEOLIAN HALL, NEW YORK CITY

Of leather colored peau de marmotte, this stunning coat by Bernard is trimmed with seal at the collar and cuffs. The blue faille hat is embroidered in silver and gold threads.

in a clever little one-piece frock, both serviceable and good to look at.

Pockets, too, are in favor; of odd shapes and sizes, they will be worn on suits, coats and dresses. Quaint beruffled pockets and strictly tailleured pockets—but there's sure to be a pocket of some sort.

ALTHOUGH some attempt has been made to take the fullness out of the skirts, doing away with the bouffant now so popular, the full skirt still continues in favor, but there is an unmistakable Russian or Polish influence shown in the long straight lines of many of the new creations from Paris—especially in the Russian blouses or tunics, made to slip over the head.

Inch-wide belts, by way of contrast to the wide ones of last season, will be very smart. They may be tied in a flat bow or the ends thrown carelessly one over the other and left to hang—whichever you prefer.

AND speaking of bags—it should be a beaded one, if you've plenty to fill it. Beaded bags are sure to be exclusive because costly and not easily copied in cheap imitations, which is the reason why every smart woman will want one. Some of the bags seen this year are done in exquisite mosaic designs. The finest kind of hand work and patient labor is shown in the blending of their colors.

The outstanding features of the coming season will be the use of pockets of varied sizes and shapes, an abundance of fur trimming and veils to meet milady's every whim and fancy. And when the woman of fashion dons her evening wraps this Winter they will be the same fascinating creations of glistening velvets, metal laces and bugles, that found favor last year.

Paris has risen phœnix-like from the devastation of war, to create for the American woman the marvelous frocks, gowns and trifles, which have been at once the envy and despair of our American designers.

Jenny created this smart little one-piece frock with fitch collar and cuffs. Her new note is the broad black silk braid trimming and black braid underskirt. The black Tam o' Shanter has bright blue velvet streamers and gold emblems.

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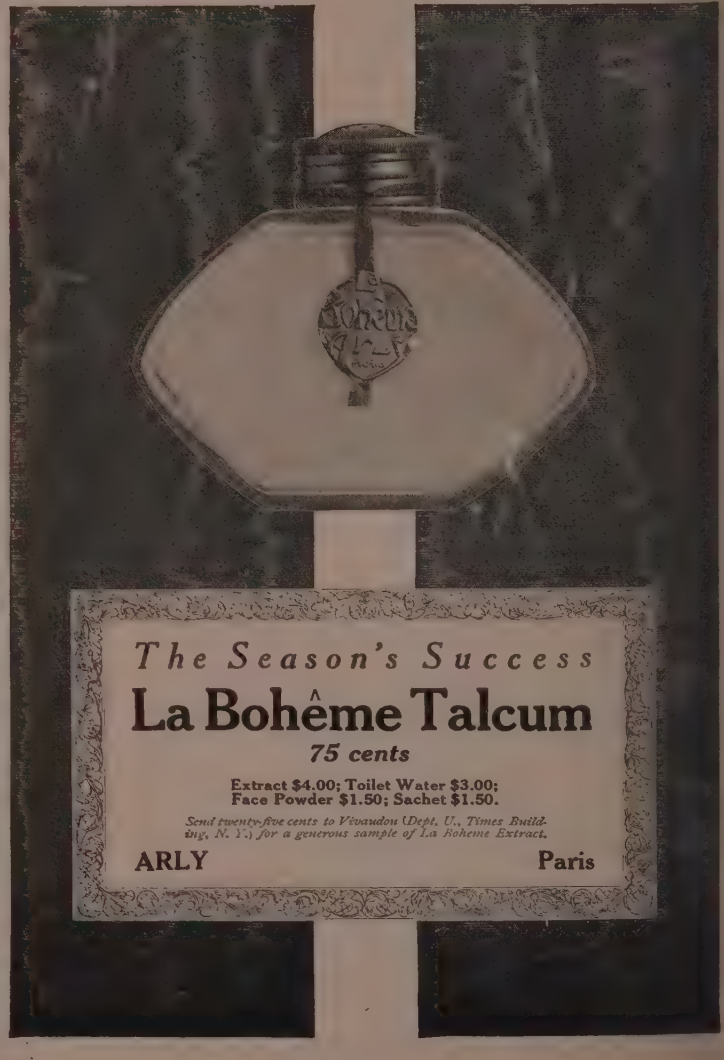

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In a comparatively short time, Miss Irene Fenwick has loomed up as one of our most popular comediennes. Her recent successes in "The Family Cupboard" and "The Song of Songs" are still fresh in the minds of playgoers. Miss Fenwick is shown in a Knox Hat from The Knox Millinery and Women's Sport Clothes Shop on Fifth Avenue, New York.

© Ira L. Hill

Another example—

of Rawak originality is embodied in this unusual combination. The hat, veil and fur collar all in one.

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Exclusiveness is the keynote of our untrimmed shapes. Ask to see them.

DES FOURRURES VOILA CE QU' IL VOUS FAUT

AN S. O. S. signal was sent in to the Fashion Department, the other day. A man on here from the West, who had turned up a nice little deal, wanted to take presents back home to three beautiful ladies. But he was in a great quandary, being a mere man, as to what to choose. Could someone come down to the Waldorf at once and give him a suggestion and then lead him about?

Someone could and did.

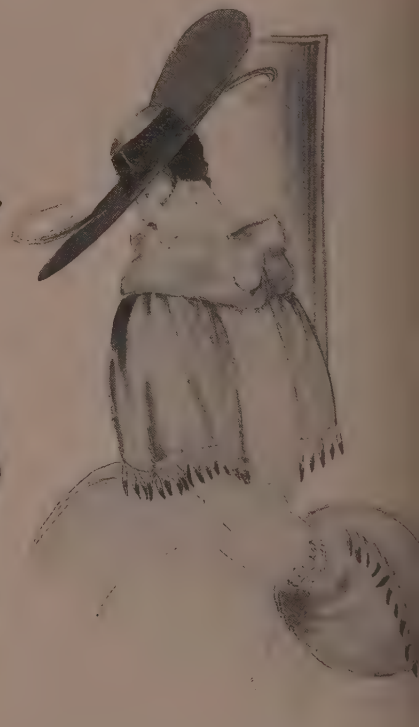
The three beautiful ladies were his wife, his daughter and his sister. One was very dark, one fair, and one neutral. The presents had to be also, it seems, to prevent any jealous feeling. What should he get? He'd made a tidy sum and could rather blow himself.

How about furs, we suggested? "Furs? At this time of the year?" Most certainly. Hadn't he seen the lovely little fur capes the women were wearing? Yes, now you spoke of it, he had. Some awf'lly pretty girls were wearing some on a roof the other night. But were they going to wear those for the Winter? And was this the time of year for buying furs? As to the time, it was never better. As to whether they were going to wear the fur capes this fall and winter it was strongly rumored that they were; but we knew just the fur authority to go to find out. Leave it to us!

So we took the Western man up the Avenue to the big fur house with its spacious and imposing interior, an interior that impresses you the minute you cross its threshold with its "knowing." And the big fur people said that the fur capes *were* to be worn this Fall and Winter and they showed us several adorable models—with the muffs to go with them—from which my delighted gentleman chose three and ordered them copied and sent—one for the dark lady, one from the blonde, and one for the neutral. And the sets were so delightful, it seemed a pity they shouldn't go further.

So we asked the privilege of sketching two of them and presenting them to our readers. And here they are: blended mole with tailless ermine, and ermine trimmed with tails. I shan't tell you which went to which. Your own selection can decide that.

The fur capes are to be carried into the fall and winter, a big fur house says. Here is one in blended mole with tailless ermine collar, and muff to match of "'arf and 'arf" mole and ermine.



An ermine cape with tails running all around is gathered on a straight band, with a very new neckline opening at the front. The muff is plain with the tails running bias.

Photo Sarony

BILLIE BURKE

IN GOWN OF

Soirée Silk

BY HENRI BENDEL

The Lustrous Satin finish of Soirée makes it adaptable for the exquisite costumes of the most exclusive and discriminating women of fashion.

Dyed Pure in the Skein—Coloring effects are inconceivably beautiful.

Made by Rogers & Thompson, creators also of the classic silks, Faille Matinee, and La Jerz.

"I am delighted with my gown of Soirée Silk. It is truly beautiful both in texture and coloring."

Billie Burke

GENUINE R&T SILKS

POUR L'AUTOMNE

THE signs of last month did not lie. Skirts *are* going down in length, very perceptibly going down; skirts to dresses and suits and—most noticeable of all—the skirt part of the coat in tailor suits. Some short and medium length coats are still shown, to be sure, but the very newest have full skirts of a good seven-eights or three-quarters in length. Two of the advance models from a big house, sketched for this page, are examples of this new fashion and very Russian they look with their big fur collars and cuffs and short belted waist.

These new coats to the suits, with their added material naturally do not make the suits themselves any lower in price. But they have the advantage of being built so that they would be perfectly smart for wearing as a separate coat for afternoon or informal evening occasions over another dress. With such a "two in one" combination there would be saving in the end.

As to width, the new skirts are neither very full nor very scant, just good comfortable long-striding breadths.

Greens and browns are edging up on that long played favorite, navy blue, especially the greens, which come in a delightful variety of dark shades running from bottle to olive. In one of the "Russian" suits mentioned a color combination of dark olive outside and lighter olive satin lining was particularly smart and charming and one would imagine universally becoming. And we have to be thankful for whatever turn of the wheel is affording us a little relief from navy blues and blacks.

The manufacturers seem to have been more than usually successful in the quality of the materials turned out for the coming season. The new vicuna that one sees in suits has a slightly shortened nap, which makes for further pliability and durability and yet leaves the material just as rich and warm-looking as before. Satins have taken on a peculiar lustre and firmness and chiffons an added "body." That

A dress of "nigger brown" charmeuse and chiffon showing the new lines that are the fall tendencies. Pale pink satin ribbon runs under the chiffon on the waist and shows its own unveiled color for an inch or two in front.

When very fine valenciennes lends its sheer daintiness to flesh georgette, the result is a particularly charming blouse to which tiny pearl buttons fastening the front lend security.

Three black velvet wings lead each other a merry chase around the crown of a small hat made of the same fashionable fabric. The middle wing has evidently been clipped just to make the other two a pair.

Sunny Gables, Mamaroneck, N. Y.
August 12, 1916.

The H. W. Gossard Co.

My Dear Sirs:

My gowns fit better and I have more comfort in the Gossard" corset than in any I ever wore.

Sincerely,

Frances Rump

GRAND PRIZE
HARTMANN WARDROBE TRUNKS

Winners of the ONLY Grand Prize on Wardrobe Trunks, Panama-Pacific Exposition. San Francisco, 1915.

—especially designed for professionals

THIS remarkable wardrobe trunk has all the features so essential to professional use—great capacity—wonderful strength—unusual convenience.

Heaviest vulcanized fibre—interior re-inforced with HARTMANN patented Gibraltarized construction—strongest in the world by actual scientific tests. No other trunk has this re-inforced interior construction. Wonderful capacity—yet extreme light weight—due to patented fixtures—and ingenious compartments.

"Not a wrinkle at the end of the trip"

—made possible by our patented "cushion-top" which eliminates pressure in the front. Your clothes come out of the HARTMANN as fresh and unwrinkled as when packed. HARTMANN WARDROBES are used by following Stars:—Titto Ruffo—Raymond Hitchcock—John Mason—Emma Dunn—Nazimova—Geo. M. Cohan—Al Jolson, and many others.

15 Exclusive Patented Features

created by our expert designers—make the "HARTMANN" professional—the most completely appointed wardrobe trunk on the market from every standpoint. Even excess baggage charges have been eliminated, by correct design— 40" height—and extreme light weight. No other wardrobe trunk has these features—*we own the patent rights.*

Sold by Leading Trunk and Department Stores in this country and abroad. Made in 3 grades —Prices no higher than inferior makes.

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Factories: Racine, Wis. Chicago New York

Licensed Canadian Manufacturer
THE M. LANGMUIR MFG. CO. of Toronto, Ltd.

All HARTMANN Trunks covered by patents, granted and pending

POUR L'AUTOMNE

Another of the fall suits with long-skirted coat, this one dark brown in color and trimmed with seal collar and cuffs. The coats on these new suits look dressy enough to be suitable for wear as separate coats with other frocks.

Instead of white collars and cuffs on the new fall models, biscuit shades in satin and chiffon! Never mind if they aren't quite so becoming. Think of the economy! On this blue serge with fringe trimmed skirt and colored woolen cord girdle they are delightfully harmonious.

gem of drapability, soirée silk, continues its unabated popularity, and having assumed all the possible shades in the single tones, presents itself for the Fall in ravishing changeable colors, combination of two tones each, French blue with cerise, gold and emerald, rose and yellow, the latter fusing to produce a wonderful color that could truly be likened to a flame. The first Fall hats are being made of what is called "antique," rather an old wine in a new bottle sort of proposition, for it looks to the ordinary eye exactly like the "silk beaver" or "hatter's plush" of yesteryear. Whatever improvement "antique" presents, however, on the former vintage, it is to be ever so popular. Georgette offers enormous sailors of it and Suzanne Talbot a turned up shape, most unusual and extremely becoming.

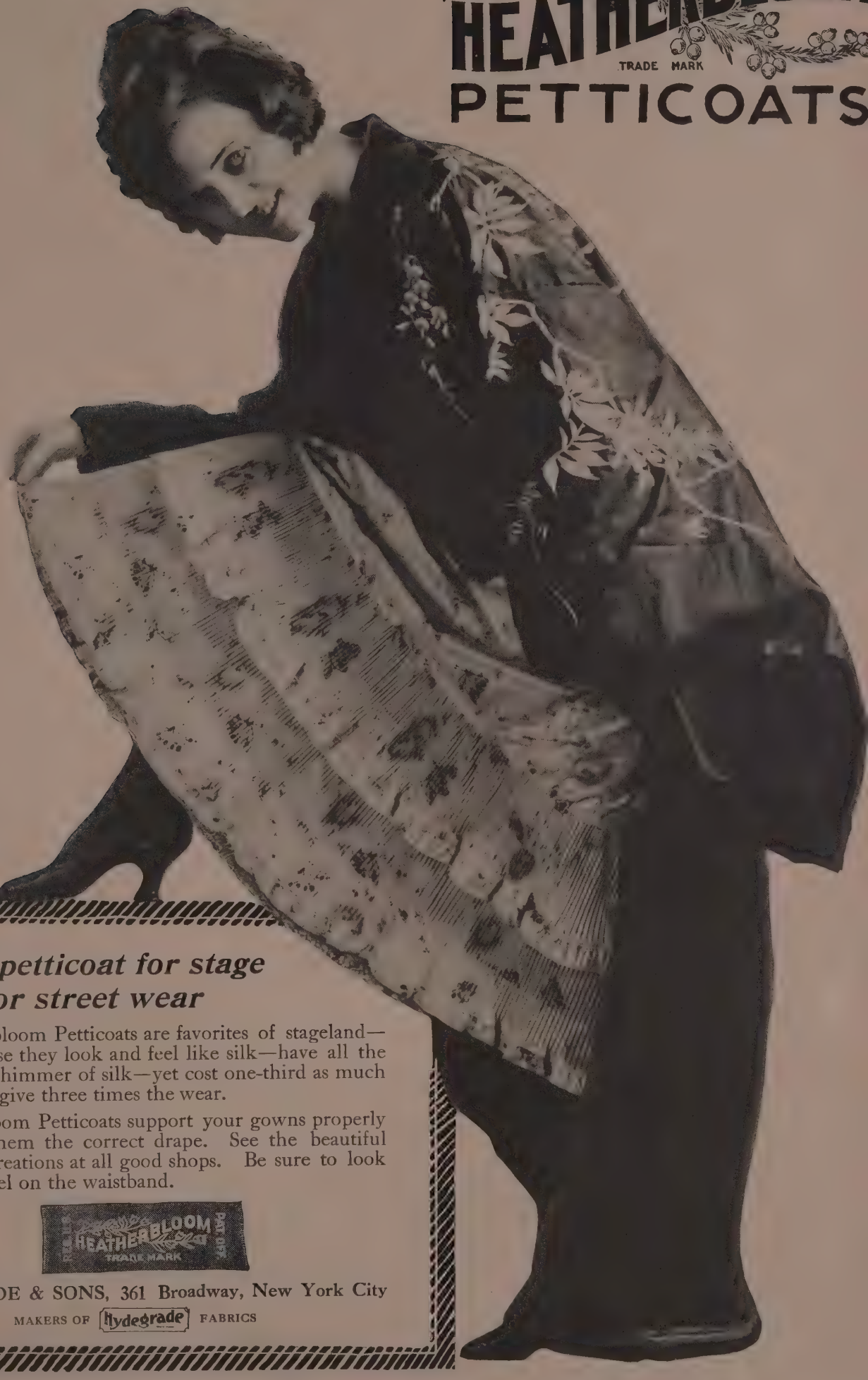
A hint for you, if you wish to appear in the latest mode! Change the white collars and cuffs that you may have had on your suit or your one-piece frock to those of biscuit color, or grey, in any shade. All the very new models that one has just seen in the smart shops are appearing with this pleasant little *divertissement.* They may be made of chiffon or satin, as you will. On a one-piece serge pale tan satin collars and cuffs made a pleasing contrast with the navy blue material. You may object that neither biscuit shades nor greys are particularly becoming to the average complexion, rather trying than otherwise. But think of the economy in keeping oneself spick-and-span! And then, even if we should go back to white again shortly, the temporary change will have been refreshing.

Blue taffeta bag with criss-crossings of blue beads studded at intervals with little bead plaques in brown and greens. The bracelet handle is of a brown and green composition artistically graven. "It's a wonder!"

Change, of course, is the breath of life to Fashion. You couldn't, in fact, have the one without the other. But just as it is said, there are only a certain number of basic plots for plays, so there are only a certain number of ground plans on which to build up a costume.

It is up to the details, therefore, to do the real work of flavoring. And Fashion, poor old Dear, however much we malign you, we can't get on without your share in our existence!

HEATHERBLOOM
TRADE MARK
PETTICOATS



The petticoat for stage or street wear

Heatherbloom Petticoats are favorites of stageland—because they look and feel like silk—have all the lustre and shimmer of silk—yet cost one-third as much as silk and give three times the wear.

Heatherbloom Petticoats support your gowns properly and give them the correct drape. See the beautiful new Fall creations at all good shops. Be sure to look for this label on the waistband.

A. G. HYDE & SONS, 361 Broadway, New York City

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Famous Beauties, their Complexions, and Mme. Rubinstein

IT is impossible to think of these three apart, for Mme. Helena Rubinstein has treated and perfected the complexions of more famed beauties than any other man or woman in the world.

The mastery which Mme. Rubinstein of 255 Rue Saint Honoré, Paris, 24 Grafton St., London, W., and 15 East Forty-ninth St., New York, has brought to bear upon the fascinating art and science of making and *holding* captive woman's beauty, is without parallel in the history of woman's endeavor to remain true to Nature's finest promptings.

At her Maison de Beauté Valaze in New York, as at her Paris and London establishments, under the care of expert assistants, wrinkless and crowsfeet vanish; coarseness of skin, double chins, looseness of tissues and relaxation of muscles, puffiness under the eyes, blackheads, enlarged open pores, weather-beaten appearance and other imperfection of the complexion give way to charm and sweetness of aspect.

Treatments at the New York establishment may be arranged now—or if unable to call you may consult the following descriptive remarks with a view to home treatment.

NORMAL SKINS

Valaze Beautifying Skinfood nourishes, whitens the skin, removes sallowness, wrinkles, weather-beaten and muddy appearance. Price $1.00, $2.00 and $6.00 a jar.

BLACKHEADS AND GREASY, COARSE SKIN

Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste refines coarse skin texture, removes greasiness, blackheads and reduces enlarged pores. Price $1.00 and $2.00 a tin.

Valaze Liquidine overcomes enlarged pores and oiliness of the skin, also undue flushing of nose and face. Price $1.50, $2.75 and $5.50 a bottle.

VALAZE SUN AND WINDPROOF BALM

Exposure to the wind and hot sun, sea or mountain air causes the skin to become tender. The *Valaze Sun and Windproof Balm* guards the skin against chapping, discoloration and injury due to such exposure. Unequalled as an anti-wrinkle preparation, also excellent as a foundation for powder. Price $1.50 and $3.00.

FOR BAGGY, RELAXED AND FLABBY SKIN

When the muscles and throat are becoming flabby and loose, immediate steps should be taken to remedy the defect. I have found among the preparations that I have been able to recommend the *Roman Jelly* (price $1.50 and $3.00) and the *Georgine Lactee* (price $2.50 and $5.00) the best suited for this condition. Used in time they will prevent such a condition.

FOR IMPROVING GROWTH OF EYELASHES

The Novena Eyelash Cream stays falling eyelashes and eyebrows, strengthens their growth—at the same time darkening them. Price $1.50. Directions for the massage of eyes and temples, which will reduce wrinkles and restore brilliancy to lustreless eyes accompany each jar.

FACE POWDERS

Valaze Complexion Powder, for normal and oily skin; *Novena Poudre*, for dry skin. Price $1.00, $2.50 and $4.50.

A copy of Mme. Rubinstein's book, "Beauty in the Making", sent on receipt of 2 cents postage.

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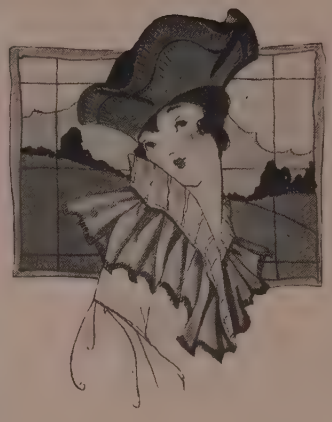
LONDON, W.: 24 Grafton Street

SAN FRANCISCO: Miss Ida Martin, Liebes Bldg., 177 Post St. and Grant Ave.

PHILADELPHIA: Mme. Rose Schachman, 2536 W. Somerset St.

NEW ORLEANS: Mrs. C. V. Butler, 8017 Zemple St.

A PROPOS DE CHAPEAUX



Every cloud has its silver lining, but not every piece of brown satin can boast of a brighter side. That of which this hat is made, however, shows glints of its silvery facing and is quite the newest note in millinery. The silver thread embroidery heightens this shimmering effect.

When Madam turns up the side of a fairly large black velvet hat, and puts a dent in it here and there, it needs no other trimming save a black grosgrain flange and a bit of brown fur.

IN case you are "Doubting Thomas" enough to have the slightest idea that these are not really, truly, French hats, just drop into the quaint little shop where they were sketched and try to talk English to Madam!

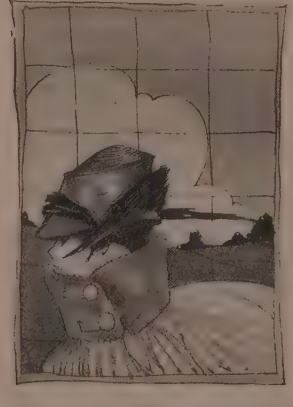
But you wouldn't need to go quite so far—if the sketches didn't convince you in the first place. One peep into the dainty blue and cream colored shop would establish beyond all doubt the ancestry of any bonnets created in an atmosphere so distinctly Parisian.

It is in odd little almost unknown corners like this that many of the most ravishing of Stageland's bonnets are discovered. Several very well-known players are purchasing both their personal and stage hats at this charming little shop for Madam is an artist and her creations are dreams of loveliness.

Although there seems to be an almost endless variety of styles, and materials from which they are developed, there is a general tendency toward fairly small hats, either made of, or trimmed with pan velvet. Madam informed us, however, that felt, especially the dove-grey tones, was much in vogue and very smart for early autumn.

A request to our shopping department will bring you the address.

Nodding gayly behind, a curly blue ostrich quill, acts as a sort of rudder for a close fitted toque of blue velvet circled with an ostrich band in the same shade.



The narrowest of tiny grey felt circles are patiently sewn round and round by hand, to form the top of this bonnet. A deeper grey pan velvet is used for the rest, and two green toque wings start at each ear to curl their way in opposite directions.

Social functions

The full charm and comfort of the Decolleté gown may be enjoyed without embarrassment, if the underarm is smooth.

Evans's Depilatory

a soft powder, used occasionally, keeps the skin entirely free. There is no safe way to remove hair permanently.

50c for outfit, including mixing dish, spoon and powder. Money back if you want it. At drug- and department stores, or send us 50c and dealer's name and address.

George B. Evans
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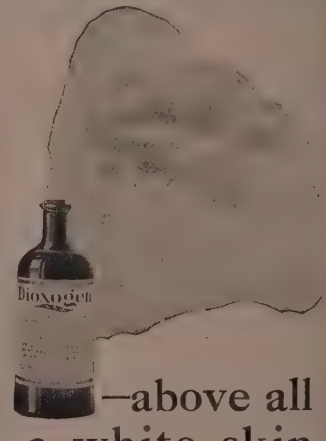
"Makers of Mum"



—above all a white skin

MANY a woman will bare her throat at night when she can rely upon the aid of powders. But how few have a skin so perfect that they are willing to face the test of daylight!

It is in daylight that the smallest blemish or stain will stand out and spoil the beauty of even the loveliest lines.

Most women use a skin-bleach, but few women know that

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Dioxogen earns its place on your dressing table because it is unsurpassed in efficiency and absolutely harmless.

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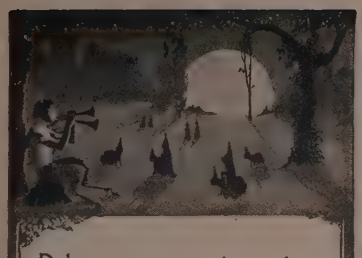

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Their precise touch, their phrasing, their living singing tone is absolutely reproduced.

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(as easy to use as to say)

prevents all odors of the body

and keeps the skin and clothing fresh and sweet all day. Does not check perspiration—that would be harmful.

A greaseless cream—harmless to skin and clothing.

"Mum" is economical—little needed at a time—lasts from bath to bath—no waste.

25c—sold by 9 out of 10 drug- and department-stores.

"MUM" MFG CO 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia

SOCIETY ON THE STAGE

(*Continued from page* 130)

the best she can, and she says, "I fahncy!" which as we all know, is inordinately English. According to the stage, American society is merely an imitation of the French and English articles, with a few more gold chairs thrown in for good measure.

Critics, some of whom may have passed their unhappy youth ferreting out "society items" from the reluctant menials in the employ of the society people, are sometimes able to write intelligently about all this. But it is a sore point. Every reporter will tell you that the most disgusting job he ever had in his life, was the "assignment" that encompassed society. Critics are therefore able to appreciate the difficulties of the playwright who after all, is merely a reporter a trifle higher in the scale. It is for that reason that so little is said anent the verisimilitude of these society pictures.

We have had every brand of society play this season, and we shall probably have an equally copious dose next season. The plays never vary. The playwright loves to project in mind where he may not project his body. Of course, it is a feat for his imagination, which is permitted to run riot.

On the whole, I cannot help feeling rather sorry for society, even if society refuses to feel sorry for itself. It sits still, and inhales the withering sarcasms of the photographic playwright, without protest. What society should do would be to invite the American Dramatists' Club, in a body, to pink teas and variegated functions; to invade the Lambs' Club, and chum with its members—I admit that this would be a drastic measure, but great ills demand great remedies—and to ventilate each poor rich life in the very atmosphere of the drama.

So many pet theories would thus be exploded, and the tremendous wrongs done to the rich-but-perhaps-worthy might be righted. Someday an audacious playwright, belonging to society's ranks, may illumine the darkness of the situation, and with his credentials properly printed on the theatre's program, chatter the mischievous myths that have suggested so many bad plays.

THE UNAPPRECIATED SUPER

(*Continued from page* 134)

obtaining a closer view of the people of the stage. Others were students who, desirous of witnessing a performance but lacking the necessary funds to see the play from the front of the house, took this means to accomplish their purpose and incidentally add to their funds. The conventional "supe" was composed of two classes. One the clerks engaged at other work in the day time, and the other the idle chap looking for odd jobs and wanting only enough to get a night's lodging and a bite to eat. The latter class were gradually eliminated and their places taken by respectable appearing elderly men, unable to obtain steady work, and young men desirous of adopting the stage as a profession. It would seem as if such a position would afford an excellent stepping-stone for advancement in the theatre, yet as a matter of fact but few of our actors have risen from that humble position.

The stage, like everything else, has its periods of progression, and retrogression, and in the theatre no progression has been more marked than in the matter of the once despised "supe." To-day they are engaged through the medium of an agency, where a list is kept of available people sufficient to supply any demand the director may make. Many of them from the numerous dramatic schools now in existence or from the ranks of those who have adopted the career of a "super" as being a legitimate business. From among this number the manager selects the "types" he desires. Quite frequently the militia furnish the men needed for a stage "army," and only recently in one of the warplays now upon the stage, the opposing forces were assumed by men who were the "real" article, reservists prevented by the war from reaching home. Not very long ago an English melodrama presented at one of our leading theatres required the services of a number of people to represent "society." One night members of the "real" society took part in the entertainment, and for some time it was the fashion for "members of the four hundred" to mingle with its imitation members on the stage. It was obviously an experience enjoyed by both classes of "supernumeraries."

STANDARDIZING AN ACTRESS

(*Continued from page* 142)

has her own half hour, perhaps more, after she enters a drawing room. She is admired. But even on the stage of life a tall woman gets no coddling nor petting. She has her moments of wanting to be kittenish, of wanting to play the baby, but it's no use. She must be dignified, whether she will or not. She never stirs a man's protective spirit. The world's opinion is that she can in all situations take care of herself. No one ever tries to help her."

"What is the best size for an actress?"

Tall Miss Howland's reply was as an echo of small Miss Taliaferro's. It was as promptly and decisively made.

"She should be five feet five inches tall and her weight should be one hundred twenty to twenty-five pounds."

"The trouble with a girl on the stage is that no one behind the scenes will take her seriously," mourned Mabel Taliaferro. "My permanent height is five feet two and a half inches.

One must have height. Although a star I never could get serious attention for what I proposed. If I complained about anything that happened behind the scenes, someone was sure to say, 'Poor little girl!' If I was pleased with some point made, the persons to whom I expressed my joy would pat my head or pinch my cheek, or push my hair up from my ears—and they're wearing it over the ears. That would be all regarded as a gross liberty by a tall woman. She might emphasize the fact by slapping the perpetrator. But that would be an unseemly demonstration from a little girl. It would make her ridiculous. She would be reproved with baby talk. And there would be more mauling. I know the perpetrators would call it petting. But the other word fits the meaning. I claim the sorry distinction of being the most mauled person on the stage."

Miss Helen Ware has been so lavishly entertained this summer that she decided to give an affair, so ordering her Moon Car to pull up at her door as everybody was coming home from business—off her party went. Nobody knew the destination until the Blosson Heath Inn, on Merrick Road at Lynbrook, L. I., was reached. A superlative dinner, prepared under the genial direction of Billy Kurth, was followed by a dance that lasted rather late—as it is whispered that the party came home as everybody was going down to business.

The appreciation of what is good is a mark of distinction.

The host watches his guests with interest as they sip the 1820 Brandy that came out of the cob-webbed bottle.

There will perhaps be only one man in the gathering whose eyes will give back to his the answering gleam of appreciation.

And it will be that man, too, as one connoisseur to another, who will offer his case of Rameses Cigarettes. He has always smoked them. There is no other cigarette for him. He and his kind will never change.

They say, "Nobody ever changes from Rameses."

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Detailed catalog from the Secretary

ROOM 172, CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK

Connected with Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre and Companies

THE SEASON AHEAD

(*Continued from page* 126)

for late season production. Until the first of the year, however, his activities will be confined to the several musical pieces which fly his colors on the road.

The activities of David Belasco are many and varied. First of all is the engagement of his earliest star, David Warfield, who will be seen in New York early in the season. A revival of "The Music Master" may possibly be preceded by a brief Broadway engagement in Mr. Belasco's version of "The Flying Dutchman," which under the title of "Vanderdecken," was given an out-of-town production late in the spring. Frances Starr, in a new play, will be a welcome guest at the Belasco Theatre, where she will crowd out the perennially popular "Boomerang," just before the first of the year.

Long and important is the list of Al H. Woods' activities. "Cheating Cheaters" will be followed by other dramas from Max Marcin's pen. Jane Cowl has a new part in a Mack piece, "Knave, Queen, Jack," which will precede her appearance in the new comedy in which she will be seen later. John Mason will continue under Mr. Woods' management and negotiations are afoot looking to the luring back of the Woods' fold of two very strong favorites who abandoned the spoken drama for the Movies—Florence Reed and Pauline Frederick, both of whom may be seen in Woods' productions before the snow flies. Irene Fenwick remains a star under the Woods' direction, and will be seen in at least one part of importance during the season.

Oliver Morosco's star which has shone brightly in the West all summer will gleam on the Broadway firmament with twinkling lustre this season. September 25th saw the premiere of "Up Stairs and Down," a comedy of the kitchen and the drawing room, which owes authorship to Frederick and Fanny Hatton, favorably known as co-authors of "Years of Discretion," and with Leo Ditrichstein of "The Great Lover." On October 9th "So Long Letty," a farce with music by Mr. Morosco himself and Elmer Harris, will be presented to Broadway audiences, and later in "Canary Cottage," will wend its way eastward from Los Angeles where its architecture was much to the public mind. Mr. Morosco will also give a New York production to "The Song Bird," a drama of the musical stage, like "The Great Lover," and of the same authorship. Miss Maude Fulton, long known as a sprightly dancer has written a comedy "The Brat" which is now on its way to Broadway after a successful production in Los Angeles, and new pieces are also underlined for early production by Owen Davis, Grace Livingston Furniss and other playwrights. "The Cinderella Man," "The Unchastened Woman," and "Peg o' My Heart," will be among the Morosco successes on tour this season. The young firm of Corey and Ritter have already launched their season with a production of "The Amber Empress," a musical play in which Mabel Wilbur, best known of all Merry Widows, has the title rôle. Mrs. Fiske's second season in "Erstwhile Susan," under this management, will be inaugurated in October, and the production of the new play by Louis N. Parker, "Mavourneen," will be given. Although announced as "new" the Parker piece was given a successful production by Sir Herbert Beerhohm Tree in London last season. Other productions by this firm will be made late in the winter, including three American comedies.

John D. Williams will present a number of novelties including a new piece for John Barrymore, and John Drew in "Major Pendennis," a dramatization of the Thackery novel.

FORTUNATE MISFORTUNES

(*Continued from page* 136)

the scene in which the Manx girl, who has become a leader of the most bizarre set in London, is discovered in the costume of a fancy dancer by her puritanical father. She is aglow with triumph as she stands at the head of the sweeping stairway in the duke's town house and suddenly faces her gray-garbed father at the bottom. As he curses her and all her kind she grows more and more agitated. Finally her heart gives out and she falls dead, rolling from the top step to the bottom.

Julia Neilson played the rôle when the drama was originally shown, and when, in the American production, E. H. Sothern assumed Herbert Beerbohm Tree's part, Virginia Harned was the "dancing girl." Both actresses followed the author's directions, whether it please them to roll down many steps or not. Blanche Bates, Dorothy Donnelly, Julia Arthur, Jane Oaker, Minnie Seligman, Eugenie Blair, and Margaret Illington are among the more prominent actresses who have undertaken the character, tumble and all; and the author intrusted his own daughter, Winifred Arthur-Jones, to the mercies of a property stairway on a tour of the British provinces. But the pleasing player whom Tree brought over to this country for the part was as careful of her person as of her art—a very delicate art so doubtless a very delicate lady. For when Manx papa was through cursing his dancing daughter, she walked down the stairway to the last step and then let her heart give out.

A similar stairway swept down the centre of the stage in "Barbara Fidgety," one of the funniest burlesques of the Weberfields series. The stairs were used because in Clyde Fitch's play, "Barbara Frietchie," it was upon them that the heroine, in the lovely person of Julia Marlowe, waited in forlorn hope near the door to the room in which her lover lay dying. But at Weber and Fields' the stairs were so arranged as to fold up; and, whenever some gently treading, anxious member of the family put foot upon the top step, he naturally slid down the full length of the polished surface

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

One of the features of the new list of Victor Records for September is the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner" by Geraldine Farrar.

Caruso offers a most interesting number in the aria "Almighty Lord, Oh, Judge, Oh, Father" from Massenet's opera "Le Cid."

An English version of Goethe's Song of Damon to the appropriate music of Max Stange, which has been one of the most effective of Emmy Destinn's contributions at recent recitals, is the soprano's addition to the August records. Another selection which is not so well known in America as in Europe is Stanislas Gastaldon's "Forbidden Music." Gadski is heard this month in verses which make appeal by their familiarity. In selecting Silcher's simple setting of Heine's famous poem "The Loreley," the soprano has made possible the interpretation in tonal terms of the general mood of these typically German verses.

Alma Gluck offers a Scotch ballad, "Bonnie Sweet Bessie," which is one of her own favorites. Of the less ambitious works in her repertoire, this is probably the most pronounced success.

There is considerable contrast between the August contribution of John McCormack and the record made by the famous tenor in July. Last month a delicate little love song, this month the noble "Prize Song" from Die Meistersinger. *Advt.*

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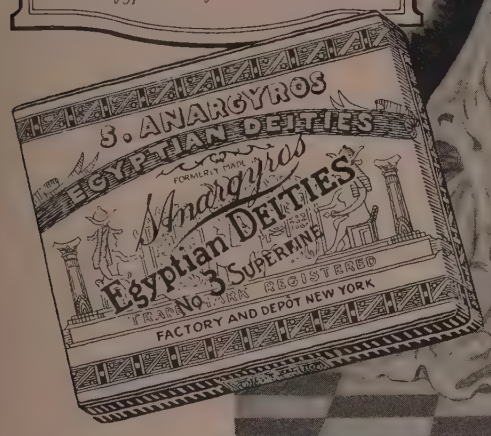

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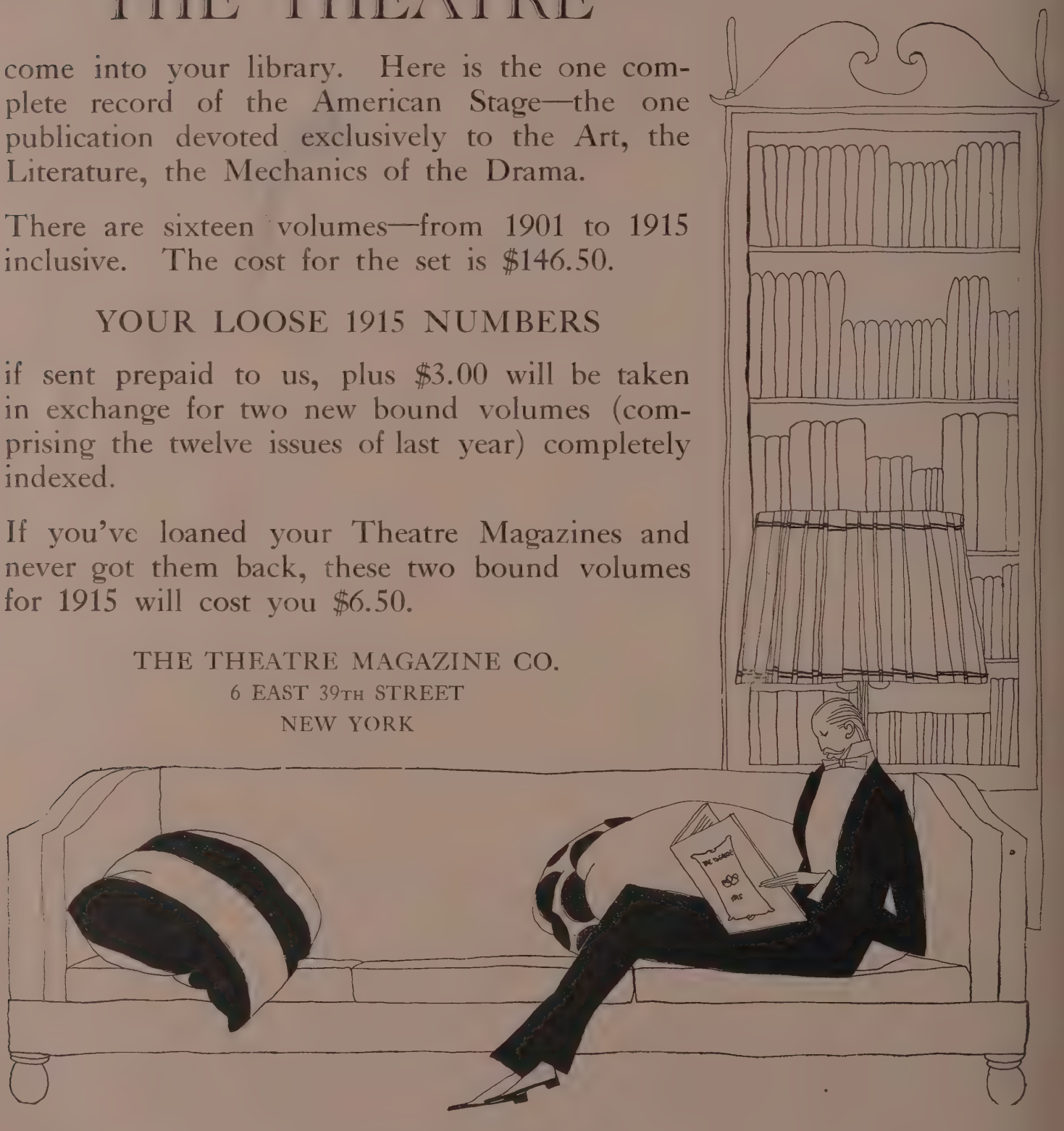

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JIMMIE POWERS

(*Continued from page* 150)

"The thought was saddening.

"I threw myself upon a fauteuil (French for easy chair) and burst into tears. (In French I should say *'je me fondrais en larmes'* or something.) My faithful devoted wife"—here Mr. Powers drew a picture of his spouse from his pocket and gazed upon the features of Mrs. Powers with rapture—"my wife rose gracefully from the *chaise longue* (another sort of easy chair, one of the semi-sofa things that are so Frenchy, you know) and approached me with agitation. *'"Pourquoi weepez vous?"'* she inquired. Meaning that she asked me why I was putting up the howl.

"I broke it to her as gently as possible that it was only her blind affection that painted me as beautiful. Really, my darling, I said, I am not a handsome man. Someone must have hinted as much before, because, to my horror, I noticed that she seemed scarcely moved at all by the disclosure.

"We now both felt we could speak excellent French and that it was quite time we sailed for la belle Paris. But mon dieu, mon dieu, the war broke out in all its fury, and we were obliged to defer our visit. Sadly we fondled the leaves of our faithful 'French in a Minute'; sadly we contemplated a season or two of dull American idleness. We went to our favorite French restaurant to talk the matter over, and, of course, we discussed the great event in the language in which the red ruthless war is written, that is, in French. A waiter approached and said something. I replied in French that we would take the regular dinner. He said something more. I said, 'depêchons,' which means please hurry up. He vanished, muttering something. Then the maitre d'hotel pussy-footed up to us. Bending over me, in a caressing way, which I didn't like at all, he also murmured indistinguishable things.

"I shook my head and said, *'pas de tout,'* meaning pass the whole dinner at once. Then he said very firmly, in English, 'but monsieur, this is a restaurant of the French and I regrettez that I can serve not you and Madame if you continue to speak German. We cannot permittez that language in this so perfectly French restaurant.' I looked at Mrs. Powers. She was weeping silently, and I could see that under the table her hand convulsively clutched the tattered copy of 'French in a Minute' that had so basely failed us. But mon dieu (oh dear, oh dear, as before) all our protestations were vain. The more we explained in French, the more the proprietor insisted that we were detestable 'espiers' (espiers being German spies). There was nothing for it but to go sadly home and dine on chocolate eclairs and sardines. Just at this point in our sad lives, Mr. Shubert" (I grieve to state that in Mr. Powers' French dialect the manager's name sounded like She bear) "asked me to relent and go a-starring again. I consented on condition that I might write a lot of French comedy into my part. And so, I am returning. You asked why I was returning, didn't you? That's the reason. I know the act requires explanation if not apologies, and so I am glad of this chance to set myself at foursquare with the public—in English, with a little French accent.

New Yorker (at box office window)—"Have you two orchestra seats in the fourth row, center, for to-night?" Ticket-seller—"Yes, sir." New Yorker (after recovering from the shock)—"I guess I don't want them—the show can't be any good!"—*Lippincott's.*

SOME FALLACIES OF DRAMATIC CRITICISM

(*Continued from page* 154)

in the two following acts; changes to *drame noir,* passes thence to the idyllic, and terminates in fantasy. One is every moment disconcerted, thrown off the track." Though "Under Cover" withheld its chief fact until near the last curtain, the play was so constructed as to *be interesting* throughout, in addition to reserving its final disclosure for good measure. In "Secret Strings" we had a horse of another color. Confusion of the *genres* is bad because—or when—it results in confusing the spectator. But the skilful mingling of the laughable and the serious has for the audience, as Mr. O'Higgins explained, "the sort of bewildering charm that the game of growling bear has for a child that is terrified at being pounced on and then tickled by the inadequate effect of the pounce." There is decidedly no need to make the game "either all growl or all tickle."

NEW DRAMATIC BOOKS

JOHN FERGUSON. A play in four acts. By St. John G. Ervine. The Macmillan Co.: New York.

Several of Mr. Ervine's plays were in the repertory of the Irish Players in their visit to this country. This play is remarkable for its characterization, which is interesting in the reading and would be in performance, but it is not of a popular nature, concerning, as it does, a murder in Ulster in circumstances that reveal human nature driven to crime without sordid motive.

CONFESSIONAL AND OTHER AMERICAN PLAYS. By Percival Wilde. Henry Holt & Co.: New York.

Five little plays, written with technical skill, and consequently actable. They make agreeable reading, for the author is a man of ideas and his subjects are not conventional. "According to Darwin" is a smashing blow at the hollowness of some of the methods of organized charity, which bring ruin and not help to individuals. The title play concerns the point of view of a cashier of high ideals and his family when offered $100,000 to cover up a dishonest bank transaction. If Mr. Wilde should essay longer plays there is the assurance of distinction for him in this little book.

NEW COLUMBIA RECORDS

A noted critic has recently remarked that De Pachmann "plays with the fingers of Chopin." He seems to have an uncanny insight into the intricacies of Chopin's compositions and fairly makes the Master live again in his marvelously inspired interpretations.

De Pachmann's playing has a pure, "singing" tone, exceedingly difficult of true reproduction, but the latest development of the Columbia process of recording has caught it with a fidelity that is nothing less than amazing. De Pachmann's Columbia records of Chopin's "Etude in F Major," and "Prelude in B Flat Minor" and Liszt's "Polonaise—Cadenza" (in the September Columbia list) startled critics at the first private hearing with the perfection of their "piano-tone," so true as to almost defy differentiation from De Pachmann's actual playing.

Equally triumphs of the art of sound-recording are the initial recordings of Johannes Sembach, in two of the Wagnerian arias, Lohengrin's Narrative and Siegmund's Love Song. Of a different *genre,* but of similar perfection are the baritone renditions by Louis Graveure of English ballads. *Advt.*

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THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN

(*Continued from page* 132)

scenes, are aware. Scenically those scenes are all of his conception and the sundry bits of "business" and effective "props," unappreciated at their true value by the average auditor, have made the "Cinderella Man" a palpitant fact in the minds of delighted thousands.

One man is conspicuously alone among the "undiscovered" genius of the American stage—a man whose work is unique and stupendous. His name adorns no billboard, is not in the smallest type on any program; his abilities are familiar to but a handful of those on the inner circle of his own profession, but his work has evoked the applause of the multitude; the multitude that did not so much as suspect his existence. He is Frank Saddler, orchestral arranger, the oracle of counterpoint, the magician of harmonics, the translator of piano tinklings into masterpieces of concerted music masses. The composer of an attenuated theme hands over to this man his kindergarten annotations and Saddler hands back a full score for forty instruments; the single song becomes a surging symphony, the jingle expands to an arrangement of undertones and overtones and bristles with combinations of melody and contrast, the penny whistle becomes transmogrified into a thundering pipe-organ. There are many orchestral arrangers; it is an established business like mending shoes or trading in horseflesh; there are nearly as many arrangers as composers, but not quite as many. There is only one Frank Saddler.

NOVEL ACTS IN VAUDEVILLE

(*Continued from page* 144)

Vaudeville acts assembled together as traveling organizations will tour theatres controlled or booked by these three gentlemen and extending from coast to coast. The scheme is not a new one for road vaudeville shows were tried without unprecedented success by Mr. Cort only comparatively recently when he sent on tour Lillian Russell and Anna Held at the head of companies composed of variety performers, but in this instance some novelties are contemplated which may change the history of such enterprises. Seasoned vaudeville manager that he is, Mr. Morris has not been active since the days of Klaw and Erlanger's Advanced Vaudeville, although in the interim he has presented Harry Lauder on hiyhly successful annual tours and interested himself in legitimate productions. The outcome of his newest experiment and the movements of the grand new combination will be watched with the closest attention.

The personnel of the players in vaudeville will be found to be materially changed owing to the drafts which have ben made for musical comedy and dramatic productions and by the film industry. Winter Garden shows, Ziegfeld Follies, Hippodrome productions, Dillingham presentations and kindred enterprises all make heavy inroads on the subjects of Queen Variety, but there is no reason for fearing that the deletions will cripple the ranks of vaudeville. The latter's managers continue serenely on their way confident of their ability to fill their programs and as optimistic as the fisherman who declared there were "as good fish in the sea as had ever been caught." Time was when actors used to take a "flier in" vaudeville, but apparently these are the days when the vaudevillians take a "flier in" the legitimate, and eventually wend their way back to their first love.

With a vehicle that satisfies the fastidious tastes of the press, the public and the managers, Arnold Daly, heretofore most unfortunate in his selection of vaudeville offerings, has inaugurated the season of 1916-17 with Mr. Kaufman's "Kisses," adapted from his Smart Set skit of the same name. Mr. Daly appeared at the Palace the latter part of July and was supported by the statuesque beauty, Jean Newcombe, and four other players.

ARE TWO HEADS BETTER THAN ONE

(*Continued from page* 148)

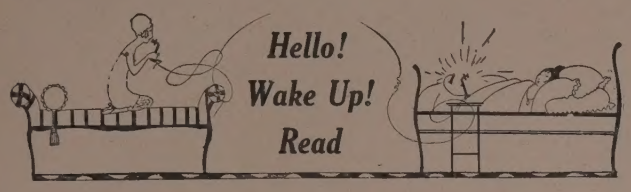
plays, one an exotic fragment, very untrue and yet sentimental in theme, and sufficiently romantic to make a wide appeal—"Madam Butterfly"—and "The Girl of the Golden West."

Frederico Busoni, who knows as much about composition as anybody of the present day, declares that a libretto which will not be good for the composer, will not be good for the public, thus proving it to be the first essential of the successful opera. It is the absurdity of the librettos of Italian operas of the older school that serves as the best excuse for not translating them into English. Probably it was the utter silliness of most of them that caused Wagner to rebel and to declare that he would write a new music and that he would be his own librettist. Perhaps it is not going too far to say that the fate of American opera is in the hands of the librettist; but at present, as in the past, he knows that it will be a thankless job and the lure is not sufficient to attract men who might otherwise undertake the work.

Scribe, sometimes called "the father of collaborators," and the inventor of the "well-made play," occasionally lent his talent to the musical play, but he had sufficient standing with the public to share in the triumph of a play, although it seemed to be a success chiefly by reason of the musical score. Scribe usually took the lion's share of the credit for works upon which he collaborated; and he was criticized during his lifetime for doing so, although it is said that he rarely took more than a scenario from others, admitting that he was not prolific in original plots, but he wrote most of the dialogue alone. Eugene Labiche had a half dozen collaborators, but their names are forgotten and his remains.

Thus while collaboration seems to be a distinctly foreign method of literary or musical composition, it is growing in America and it is having its beginnings in a more satisfactory manner than the older system where one man enjoyed most of the benefits. A comedy by Pollock and Wolf carries with it a pretty general belief by the public that Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf had about equal shares in its composition. A dramatization of one of John Fox's novels by Eugene Walter, is not so likely to be interpreted as "a play by Eugene Walter" as would have been the case a few years ago. Even a musical comedy by Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom is not "a Herbert play" as in an older day.

Does anyone remember a sign that stood at Broadway and 23rd Street: "Swept by Ocean Breezes"? What a wonderful ad this would make for the McAlpin Roof, one of the coolest, if not the coolest place in town—where everybody who is anybody meets. If you think that dancing is dying out, just drop in either the Blue Bird Room or in the Summer Garden, and you will agree that dancing has come to stay.



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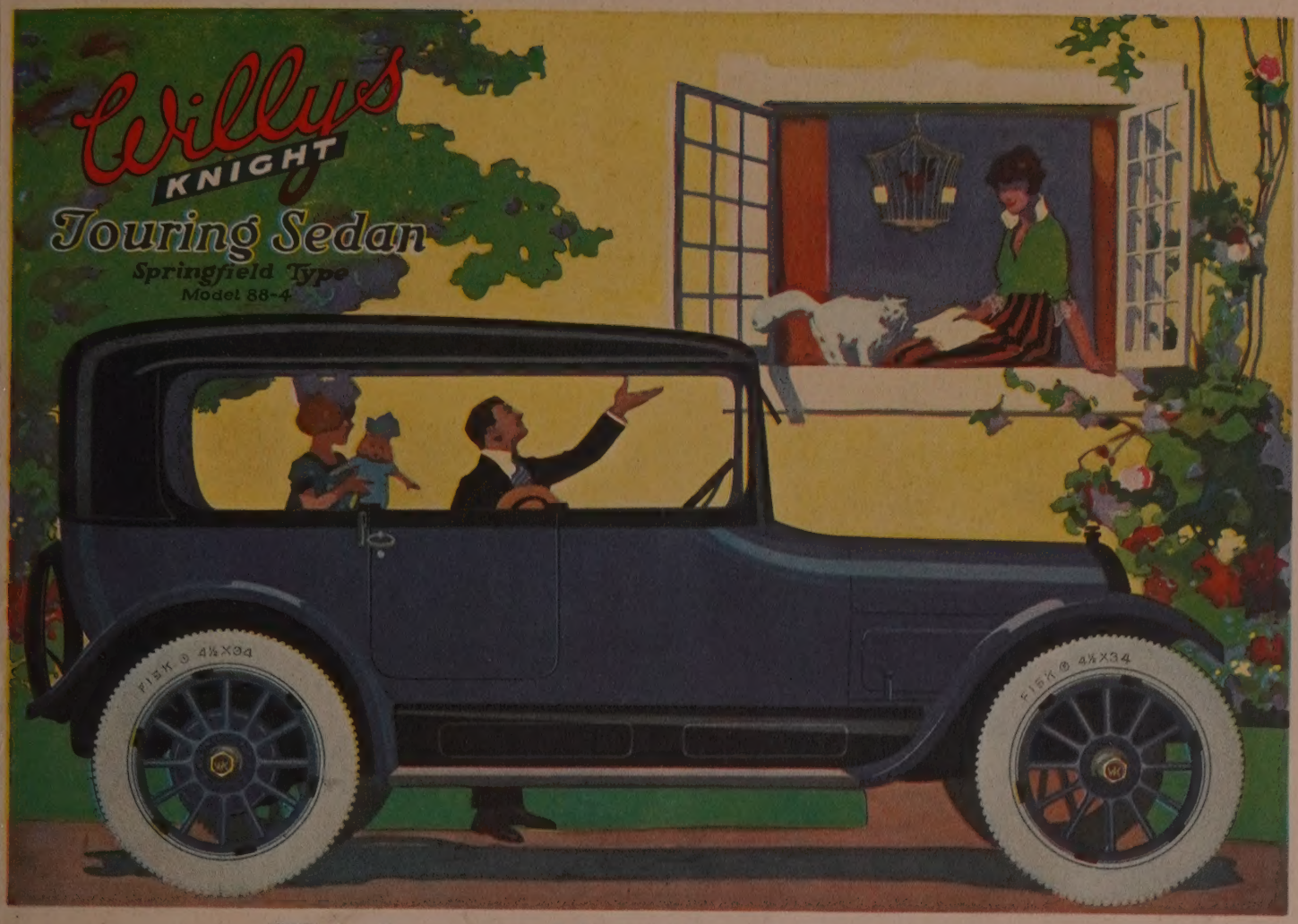

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